

The GRAPHIC



Twentieth Year—August 16, 1913

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

OLD PUEBLO DAYS

By RONALD MAC DONALD.

Where have they gone, those fair old days,
So swift to pass and yet serene,
With step so light, such pleasant ways,
And nights of song and laugh between?

Ah me! why could they not remain
To cheer my sad and weary heart,
And bring again that sweet refrain
That bade all care and gloom depart?

Dolores mia, 'twas thy voice
Just now I heard when sounds were hushed,
And made my aching heart rejoice,
That years and toil have almost crushed.

Pablo appeared,—but what of him?
(Best knife, they said, in Monterey),
Then he went back, but pale and thin;
Rodeo?—yes, I rode next day.

You threw him back his cactus bloom
And my pale rose you wore instead;
Ah me! that flowers should fade so soon,
O grief untold that you are dead!

Gracias a Dios, memory still
Can bring again the days of old;
There thou art queen, and thy sweet will
Is mine till this old heart is cold.

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THE GRAPHIC

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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



RETAINING AN URBAN INDUSTRY

DICE shaking, the committee on public safety of the Los Angeles city council has decided, is in no sense detrimental to the morals of the Southern California metropolis, and the proposed ordinance to inhibit the practice in cigar stores and stands has been pigeonholed. In fact, the eminent respectability of the gentlemen who appeared before the committee to argue in favor of the retention of the ordinance legalizing this form of gambling so impressed the councilmen that it was promptly concluded no wrong could lurk in a measure whose proponents were numbered among the very best saloonkeepers and cigar dealers of the county seat.

Of course not. Moreover, with a view to making dice shaking as attractive as possible for our young men and the more mature manipulators of the "bones," good looking young women are gradually supplanting the ex-pugilists and saloon "bouncers" formerly behind the counters, whose dexterity in throwing poker dice is only equalled by their perfect manners. When a "diceress" picks up the box to rattle the ivories and glances bewitchingly into the eyes of the entranced high school graduate he would not "stick the house" if he could. Yes, indeed, the "bone-shooting" process is eminently respectable, as a school for gambling, and we desire to felicitate Los Angeles on her perspicuity in retaining this delightful feature of urban life.

We suggest that normal school graduates who have specialized in mathematics be given the preference in engaging teachers at the first class dicing parlors. The law of chance should be the subject of daily lectures to the eager students whose attendance is sure to be augmented if Professor Millspaugh's brightest young women are behind the glass cases. Just why the cigar stands should enjoy a monopoly of the charming entertainment, however, is not clear. Why not extend the scope of the ordinance to cover all merchandising? Think how the pleasures of shopping would be enhanced by hearing the exhilarating sound of the cubes at the various counters of our retail stores in the downtown district! Instead of buying four yards of silk at \$1.50 a yard the opportunity to get eight yards for the same price or the four yards for nothing would make the keenest kind of appeal to our best families.

Gambling? Why what nonsense! Is dicing for cigars gambling? or throwing for pennants a form of hazard? Not at all. Our contention is that our women are entitled to the same privileges in kind as the men and in these days of the dual ballot who so indiscreet as to argue to the contrary? Let us train our youths and our girls to become experts in the dice throwing art. It is a fine preparatory course for the higher forms of gambling such as poker, bridge

whist and the Paris mutuels. We look to the time when our Los Angeles dailies will be offering opportunity to tentative subscribers to try their luck on a year's subscription, double price or free delivery. What a privilege to step in on Brother Otis or Brother Earl and by a fortuitous throw of the dice box get the daily lucubrations of these erudite gentlemen for twelve months gratis. On with the dice box! Let the privilege be unconfined.

FAITHFUL FOLLOWERS ARE REWARDED

POSSIBLY, the six judges selected by the governor to adorn the superior court bench in this county are of the best material he could find, but the political trend of his choice is so marked that a measure of skepticism is permissible. That a deal was made whereby Fred H. Taft was to be named in the event of his withdrawal from the ticket last fall was freely charged at the time; he was a "progressive" candidate who now has his reward for obeying orders. Mr. Shenk, former city attorney of Los Angeles, with a penchant for the mayoralty plus Mr. Earl, is consoled for the loss of the one and compensated for his subservience to the other. Verily, it is a fine interlocking system.

Lewis R. Works is another faithful retainer whose obeisances have been recognized. Recollections of his laudation under oath of a former member of the bench whose rulings and decisions were a standing joke with bench and bar of Los Angeles county cause one to have qualms as to the judicial qualities of so curiously constituted a mind. There is bitter disappointment among Judge McDonald's Pasadena friends over his non-selection. Mr. W. I. Morrison, it is true, has his residence in Pasadena, but he practices exclusively in Los Angeles. With Messrs. Myers and Jackson all six of the new judges are practically from Los Angeles and of the same political faith. The other applicants whose political affiliations were handicaps to their appointment will have to wait until November, 1914, to test their popularity and fitness before the people if they still hanker for the ermine.

As imparting strength to his local machine the governor has probably done as well as might be reasonably expected. The gentlemen he has named ought to be able to help his candidacy for governor next year in case he decides to give California a continuation of his services. Meanwhile, undoubtedly, they will serve the public on the bench to the best of their ability.

MORE AMBASSADORIAL PARTISANSHIP

REVIEWING Ambassador Wilson's biased attitude ever since he "brought Huerta and Diaz together," prior to the assassination of Madero, it is not difficult to believe that his congratulatory speech to the provisional president of Mexico induced the British foreign office to extend recognition to the beneficiary of Madero's forced exit from this vale of tears. That the discredited ambassador has tartly criticised the reported British statement is not pleasing to the President whose desire to have Great Britain support his peace policy in Mexico naturally induces a wish that no American subordinate official shall interject aught to upset his plans. That the hypercritical ambassador may get his walking papers instantaneously is not unlikely.

Meanwhile, the sincerity of Japan's friendship for the United States again has been demonstrated by her refusal to receive Gen. Felix Diaz, special envoy from Huerta to the Mikado. Such deference to the sentiments of the administration is peculiarly pleasing at this time and reveals a delicacy of perception highly gratifying, in the circumstances. For several

days belief has gained ground that Diaz would not sail for Japan for state reasons and the news from Tokio fully explains the equivocal language which the rejected envoy has been employing recently. He is now at liberty, presumably, to return to Mexico to engage in his presidential campaign.

That Great Britain, Japan, Germany and others of the powers jointly concerned in Mexico are inclined to give President Wilson a free hand in his plans for securing peace gives assurance of moral support that must have a clarifying effect on the situation. It is now stated that the Huerta government is recognized by Great Britain pending the election only. Even this, it is intimated, would not have been conceded but for the misleading conduct of the American ambassador whose partisanship caused the foreign representatives to take it for granted that he reflected his country's attitude. Meanwhile, Envoy Lind continues to further his mission quietly and discreetly, his presence in Mexico in no whit creating the political disturbance that the Hearst papers asserted was inevitable.

SULZER CASE STILL MORE ASTOUNDING

WHILE impeachment of Governor Sulzer was foreshadowed by the action of the Frawley investigating committee, whose finding of fraud under the Corrupt Practices Act placed the executive in a most embarrassing position, the vote of the New York assembly, 79 to 45, approving the impeachment resolution indicates to the public mind the seriousness of the charges against the governor. In brief, they convict him of suppressing campaign contributions to the extent of \$40,000, from his sworn statement, required by the law and, worse yet, that he invested the money in Wall street stocks, at a time, too, when he was instigating legislation adverse to stock exchange gambling transactions. It is a sad unfolding.

Sad, because Sulzer went into office as a reform candidate, declaring his independence of Tammany, and called a special session of the legislature to pass a direct primary law. It is his contention that the legislature had no authority to take up any other public matter save that named in the call and on this ground he will contest his automatic removal from office during the impeachment proceedings. His defense, as outlined by his friends, is weak. It is that the governor's sworn itemized statement of his campaign fund aggregating \$5,460 in contributions and filed with the secretary of state is not his personal report of campaign receipts and expenditures, but is that of a campaign committee, which, through mistake, was prepared for the governor, who signed it supposing it to be a correct personal statement.

This alleged excuse is a specious subterfuge. It is unworthy of any chief executive of the great state of New York. In respect to the assertion that the governor was not required to make a statement of campaign moneys received, but only of sums paid out section 776 of the New York penal law relating to the filing of expense elections is explicit in stating that every candidate "shall, within ten days after election, file an itemized statement, showing in detail all the moneys contributed or expended by him, directly or indirectly by himself or through any other person, in aid of his election." The attempt to evade this section by claiming that the preposition "to" after "contributed" limits the report to moneys contributed by the governor himself is puerile and only evidences the desperate situation in which the executive finds himself.

All this straw-grasping is beside the main question: Did he or did he not segregate sums contributed for a specific object, to wit, his campaign elec-

tion expenses, for the purpose of speculating in stocks? This charge, which the evidence seems to verify, Gov. Sulzer has not met. But what is one to think of the confession of Mrs. Sulzer that she alone is the guilty party; that the governor knew nothing of the stock speculations; that she had taken entire charge of the campaign fund and had, without his knowledge, used part of it to speculate in stocks, "because the household needed the money;" that her husband knew nothing of the Wall street transactions until she made a confession to him; that it was she who had endorsed her husband's name as the secretary of the Frawley committee could tell if he would.

It is an astounding revelation that on its face is an heroic attempt to save the governor from the consequences of his folly. That Mrs. Sulzer could divert \$40,000 or more from the campaign funds without the knowledge of her husband is difficult to believe. Apparently, the legislature placed no faith in the story for although the purported confession was disclosed prior to the taking of the vote the assemblymen rejected it in the manner noted. It is understood that the governor will fight the impeachment proceedings and apply to the supreme court to restrain further action. A clash between the automatically deposed executive and the acting governor when he asserts his relegated authority seems inevitable.

SUPPRESSING A RUDE INTERRUPTER

ANNOYED by the interruptions of a tall man on the fringe of a crowd she was addressing at a suffrage meeting in New York, who jeeringly bade her go home and care for her children, Mrs. Emma Rupp, the speaker, suddenly left the platform and summoning a policeman preferred charges against her tormentor. The offender was promptly taken into custody, the complainant trailing after the guardian of the peace and the prisoner whose name entered on the blotter caused the lieutenant in charge to institute inquiries. Followed this colloquy between the irate lecturer and the police officer:

"Your husband?" he exclaimed incredulously, when the explanations had been made.

"Certainly, he's my husband," said Mrs. Rupp firmly.

"And you want him arrested?"

"I do," she replied. "The fact that he's my husband is all the more reason why he ought to know better than to break up my meetings."

Noble woman! She saw her duty and she didn't flinch. Rupp, the interrupter, was bound over to keep the peace pending his hearing in the justice court. Whether or not, in the interim, the mother of his children will relent and withdraw the charges let those married folk who have quarreled and kissed speculate. Far be it from us to hazard an opinion. When we consider the provocation we fear for Father Rupp's freedom. The evidence is that he not only hooted his wife into silence, but rehearsed the small boys in his vicinity in a chorus of catcalls which they voiced so vociferously that the meeting was a failure. Shall a woman with a mission suffer in silence such ignominious treatment? Perish the thought! We demand the limit of the law for this disrupter.

WHY ALL IS QUIET IN MEXICO CITY

WHAT has become of that ferocious anti-American sentiment which the Hearst papers assured their deluded readers was prevalent in Mexico City and would eat Envoy John Lind alive-o if he ever dared set foot within the capital? Since the jailing of the Hearst correspondents on the charge of general cussedness the fires of hatred against the Americans appear to be banked and old General Apathy once more meanders about. Everything is quiet, including Mr. Hearst's chief agony writer who is in a retired cell pondering his sins of omission and commission.

Of course, we want no harm to reach him, but so long as Mr. Lind is in Mexico it might be well to keep the Hearst agitators—all of them—incommunicado. They are a pestiferous lot when pursuing instructions from headquarters; at other times, doubtless, they are as harmless as turtle doves. Peace

without intervention would be displeasing to the yellow hammerers of journalism. It would be contrary to their preachments and too endorsing of the President's statements. He has said that the difficulties now existing might be settled without further bloodshed and without American troops interfering. We believe he is right and the country is gradually accepting that same view.

Mr. Lind is indulging in no pyrotechnics. He is a plain citizen whose safety is guaranteed by the new foreign minister, Frederico Gamboa. He will direct all his communications through the secretary of the American embassy, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, whose duty it will be to convey to Huerta the reasons why the United States government cannot recognize his administration. This, of course, will be relished neither by the provisional president nor yet by Secretary O'Shaughnessy. Naturally, the envoy will be non persona grata with Huerta, whose retirement President Wilson hopes may be brought about by the envoy in an amicable adjustment that will keep all factions calm. In any event, with the yellow correspondents in jail, this country is fairly safe.

TWO PERTURBED REPUBLICS CONTRASTED

CHINA'S established government has been luckier than the Huerta administration in suppressing rebellious subjects. With the father of the Chinese republic, Dr. Sun Yat Sen, under a decree of banishment from the country and three of his associates under sentence of death, a result of their revolutionary propaganda the southern rebellion in China reaches an ignominious conclusion, the final blow coming when the government troops engaged the rebels in Canton province inflicting a loss estimated at five thousand in killed and wounded.

Provisional President Yuan Shih-kai appears to have trounced the insurgents so thoroughly that nearly all the recalcitrant provinces have experienced a change of heart and are now ready to submit to the established authority. Yuan Shih-kai's better armed, better trained and better fed soldiery was too much for the nondescripts forming the bulk of the southern malcontents. With order restored the revenues of the government will be materially augmented and so long as the provisional president can keep his army fed, clothed and paid he is assured of ample support.

But, as with Huerta, the problem of filling the state treasury is the all-absorbing one. Both republics have effected small foreign loans, but neither has enough to give assurance of stability. With the complete suppression of this latest rebellion, however, Yuan Shih kai is in position to effect terms with European bankers, and with the powers disposed to assist him in maintaining order it should be a comparatively easy matter to invade the loan market with reasonable hope of success. Dr. Sun Yat Sen, in hiding from the republic of which he so long dreamed and to accomplish which he devoted so much of his time and energy presents rather a pathetic figure. His parallel is found in the dreamer Madero. Let us hope the Chinese reformer may escape the cruel fate that overtook the Mexican president.

PENROSE AND THE CREAM SEPARATORS

INTERRUPTING the optimistic efforts of Senator Stone of Missouri to inject cheering testimony into the Congressional Record, as against the doleful cries uttered by the minority in the senate, his colleague, Senator James of Kentucky, asked to have read a newspaper clipping which Senator Penrose had sent to the desk. It was an argument against the lowering of the tariff on cream separators and concluded by saying that the removal of the duties "would permit German and French manufacturers to send a cream separator to be sold in this country for \$14 in competition with similar machines now being offered at from \$25 to \$55." Senator James tartly wondered if the senator from Pennsylvania could tell whether or not, in his judgment, the statement were true.

Mr. Penrose did not know anything about the business, he admitted. As he understood it, the statement was an interview with one of the Sharples

cream separator people. The extract was from the Philadelphia Ledger, a most reliable paper. This moved Mr. James to remark that if it was an authentic interview then it was a clear admission that a separator for \$14 could be furnished to the farmers of this country, who are now and have been forced to pay from \$25 to \$55 for the same character of separator. In his judgment it was the strongest argument that has been or can be presented in the senate for placing cream separators upon the free list. Mr. Penrose was not so sure. To him it simply meant that the American farmer would be taking the product of a German mill instead of an American mill.

This is the old argument. It is like the fable of the boy and the frogs, great sport for the manufacturer but rough on the farmer—the purchaser of the goods. As Senator James observed: It means that the tariff has enabled the manufacturers of cream separators to charge the American farmer from \$25 to \$55 for an article which in an open market he could buy for \$14, and placing separators upon the free list will give him this opportunity. Mr. Penrose retorted that when the American competition is extinguished the American consumer will be squeezed. To which Mr. James replied that the American manufacturer is no novice in the art of suppressing competition and if he can be extinguished by the foreigner at a saving to the farmer of from two to four times the price on one article the consumer should be able to view such a contingency with equanimity. Mr. Penrose then subsided.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE FAIR

DESPITE the stand taken by the London Times and the Chronicle that the British government has made a mistake in declining to participate in the San Francisco exposition other influential British journals, like the London Telegraph, commend the attitude of the government, declaring that apathy prevails in British commercial circles respecting the Panama-Pacific fair. It is interesting to note that this is not the view of several of the Canadian papers. The influential Toronto Globe, for instance, while it regards Britain's abstention as both natural and human, all things considered, feels that it is lacking in magnanimity, adding that the mother country has ever been magnanimous in commerce "and here is a chance to be magnanimous toward the lamentable smallness of a great nation." The Globe continues:

The United States has achieved a world's wonder in engineering. She has carried out a great and courageous undertaking against baffling and almost incomprehensible difficulties. But the nation which has accomplished such a magnificent triumph in engineering has, in the attendant economic and moral requisites, completely broken down. While the mighty dam was made to resist successfully a pressure which no engineering structure was ever made to bear, the moral stamina of the nation failed under the pressure of a few active and petty interests. Broken and distorted treaties disfigure a masterpiece that otherwise would challenge the world's admiration. No situation could make a clearer call for British magnanimity.

This well-merited rebuke emanates from a good friend of the United States, the erudite editor-in-chief of the Globe, Mr. John A. Macdonald, whose recent visit to the Pacific coast won him many warm admirers. He makes the point that the average American who supports with voice and vote the national recalcitrance regarding canal tolls would not think of adopting similar practices in his personal affairs. "The failure of the republic to renew the general treaty of arbitration with Britain shows an attitude no individual American would adopt toward a friendly neighbor. These things should be considered. Britain can afford to wait the awakening of the national conscience." Those of us who have scolded our representatives in congress for their blunted morals and sordid attitude view with satisfaction this indorsement of their position by so broadminded and level-headed an editor as Mr. Macdonald. San Francisco newspapers with one exception are amenable to the criticism he so admirably voices.

We agree with the San Francisco Argonaut that

fact, a generous and open-minded attitude, which while the refusal of Great Britain to participate is a grievous disappointment—almost a staggering blow—nobody at once intelligent and entirely fair-minded can blame her for the course she has taken. Remarks the Argonaut, "Her action is indeed a rebuke, but it is a rebuke which we have brought upon ourselves by an act of national dishonesty and folly." Our contemporary adds:

San Francisco, which must suffer the brunt of this rebuke, may not even console herself with the reflection she is not in a direct sense to blame. For did we not through the agency of certain commercial bodies, through the outspoken advocacy of certain prominent individuals, and through the action of our representatives in congress call for and sustain the act against which England is resentful? Did we not do this foolish and shameful thing? Verily we did! And verily we get our reward! And as verily do we deserve it!

There is a possibility that Germany may change her mind and make an exhibit, if not officially, at least, through individual merchants, but Russia and Italy are averse to the project and Japan is being urged by her more radical newspapers to emulate Great Britain's example and withdraw. If the latter country has cause for resentment Japan has still greater incentive. The fact that she is a large exporter to this country, however, may cause her people to pocket their pride and kiss the hand that has smitten them.

GOOD CROPS ASSURED DESPITE DROUGHT

TRUSTWORTHY estimates of the corn crop place the figures at 2,750,000,000 bushels or only 250,000,000 short of the bumper three billion crop of last year. In other words, based on the present government figures, the yield will be better than a ten-year average. This in spite of the extensively advertised drought in the corn belt which gave promise of curtailing the crop from twenty to twenty-five per cent. Later reports show that instead of being half a dozen points under the normal ten-year average the yield will be above rather than below the decade showing. As one skeptical commentator puts it "they always kill the corn crop in midsummer."

Already, the price of corn has reacted from the high quotation reached with the publication of the adverse government report, due to the fact that the conditions as a whole are distinctly promising for a good average crop. In addition, the outlook for a total wheat crop of 744,000,000 bushels, exceeding all yields save that of 1901, is an assurance of prosperity for the country, since the oats and hay crops prospects are said to be excellent. With these staples so promising the nation can regard with equanimity the reduction from last year's corn yield of about 250,000,000 bushels. As stated, what remains is still about the ten-year normal yield.

With a bumper crop of wheat, ditto of oats, an excellent stand of hay and the corn yield fully up to normal, excluding consideration of last year's output, the country is reasonably happy and may contemplate the coming winter with complacent expectancy of continued prosperity. The action of Secretary McAdoo assures a plethora of funds for use in moving the farm produce and with the passage of the tariff bill in sight and a new currency system fairly certain between now and winter there would seem to be no occasion for pessimistic forebodings.

CURRENCY BILL AND STATE BANKERS

DOUBTLESS, the Owen-Glass currency bill which the President is determined to see enacted at the special session of congress, if possible, is not wholly perfect or entirely as the banking interests at large would have it framed. But its faults are not of paramount importance, the more flagrant ones already being in process of emendation due to the suggestions of bankers in nowise affiliated with Wall street. Thus, one of the suggested changes relates to the question of reserves and their distribution. The other change is to strip the federal reserve board of all power of initiative in the administration of the new banking system, by transferring such power to the proposed federal advisory council, leaving to the federal reserve board only regulatory powers and the

right to approve or veto administrative proposals when initiated by the federal advisory council.

It is significant that when the bankers of the central west called on Secretary McAdoo in relation to the distribution of the fifty millions of government deposits to assist in moving the crops they voted 29 to 2 that if these suggested changes were made they would support the measure and urge its passage in the present session. Considering that such representative bankers as George M. Reynolds, James B. Forgan and equally well known figures in the banking world participated in the conference their action is significant. The changes suggested remove two of the most potent objections to the bill and in view of the likelihood of their adoption we regard the action of the California State Bankers' Association in seeking to have its membership repudiate the measure in its entirety as unwise.

Better by far indorse the specified modifications approved by the bankers of the central west as outlined, thus helping to clinch the argument in the minds of the congressional committees on banking and currency in the two houses. It is constructive not negative legislation that is wanted. In this connection we are glad to note the objections voiced by President Coulston of the Crown City National Bank who declined to sign the resolution on the ground that it is inopportune and ill advised. He thoughtfully writes to Secretary Colburn of the state bankers' association:

I believe that a very large majority of the thinking bankers of this state and of the country, are in favor of currency legislation at the present session of congress. For years we have been clamoring for currency legislation. The matter has been discussed in practically every newspaper, every financial paper, and every bankers' association held in this country for years. The Glass-Owen bill contains most of the essential features we, as bankers, have been asking for, and additional debate in congress will throw no new light on the subject. Most of the prominent bankers of this country have been consulted in the framing of these bills, and while from a banker's standpoint, the bill is not perfect, there is no likelihood that a currency bill, every feature of which will be approved by the banks of this country, will ever be adopted. I believe that President Wilson and Chairmen Glass and Owen are making an honest and earnest effort to give this country currency legislation that will be beneficial to the bankers and to the industrial, commercial and agricultural interests.

As Mr. Coulston is an officer or director of eight California banks that are members of the state association his protest against the proposed resolution and declaration in favor of the passage of the currency bill is worthy of serious reflection. As a layman we have deprecated the vesting of too much power in the federal reserve board. The suggested changes, if adopted, will cure that defect. Other changes from the original bill have vastly modified the measure so that with the transference of initiative action to the federal advisory board, leaving only regulatory power with the federal reserve board, the bill is so greatly improved as to be worthy of acceptance by the country.

PLEA FOR PURITY OF THE PRINTED PAGE

CURIOUSLY enough, the ruttish installments of *Carnegie* life appearing daily in the San Francisco Bulletin, without doubt, the most indecent matter ever published in a newspaper of general circulation, arouse no adverse comment in the other "progressive" papers of the state whose silence in regard to this repeated violation of the decencies is little short of amazing. The other day on this page we inadvertently credited to the Fresno Republican a rebuke that emanated from the more courageous Stockton Mail, whereupon the Bulletin scored the Republican for its supposed mealy-mouthed attitude.

Instead of regretting that he was not the author of the article referred to Chester Rowell, reformer, editor of the Fresno Republican, gently chided his brother editor in San Francisco for wrongfully accusing him. In glad response the Bulletin apologized stating that, if correct, it "would have proved a grievous disappointment to all those who are familiar with Rowell and with his record in this state. It is good to learn that Rowell represents, as a matter of makes it easier to bear the burden of such an enter-

prise as the Bulletin has undertaken." This *amende honorable* is complacently received by Reformer Rowell who rather too smugly observes that the Bulletin having discovered its case of mistaken identity . . . now withdraws "very gracefully" its former explosive imputations, and the incident is therefore closed.

"Imputations," Reformer Rowell characterizes the comments on his presumed exhortation. He is mistaken. They were unearned tributes to what, alas, he is all too loth to give voice. And as with him so with Editor Clarke of the Riverside Press, Editor Earl of the Los Angeles "progressive" sheets, Editor Daniels of the Oakland Enquirer and all the Johnson newspaper following up and down the state. Moral cowards all, we regretfully note. They see a daily paper of their coterie disgracing the state, disgracing the honorable calling of journalism by publishing the grossest details of an infamous calling and whose uncleanness is a stench in the public nostrils. To requote the Stockton Mail, whose brave words were attributed by mistake to Rowell's apathetic paper:

Under the guise of morality the vicious Bulletin is now doing exactly what postal regulations in regard to obscene matter are established to prevent. When a physician reads a medical book he does not make lewd pleasure of seeing naked pictures and undisguised sentences his reason for studying. But there are degenerates who love to browse through medical books, not for what they learn, but for the depraved pleasure of seeing sexual questions set forth without ambiguity. The difference between the Bulletin and its campaign to arouse interest in the underworld by printing the confessions of prostitutes is the difference between an honest physician who approaches his subject with earnestness, and the moral leper who cloaks himself with hypocrisy and under the pretense of doing good revels in the disgusting details of immorality. That the people of San Francisco tolerate, not only tolerate but actually support a newspaper that insults decency in every issue bears evidence to the assertion that it is the wickedest city on earth.

We desire to commend the efforts of such sturdy papers as the Stockton Mail and the Santa Cruz News in their outspoken exceptions to the defilement of California journalism by the San Francisco Bulletin. That the postal authorities are derelict in their duty is self-evident; otherwise, the Bulletin would be excluded from the United States mails. If the alleged reform papers of this state did their duty by the people—since San Francisco's authorities hesitate to suppress the libidinous sheet—the wrath of an aroused commonwealth would put a peremptory quietus on the further impurities of the Daily Offal. We call upon them to prove their sincerity by joining in a crusade for purity of the printed page. Dare they openly denounce the vile pandering of a bestial journal, which is accounted one of the governor's ardent supporters, and which he quoted approvingly in his recent Los Angeles banquet address?

GRAPHITES

"I am the culprit!" cries the wife and Sulzer's voice is dumb,
But not through such an avenue can vindication come;
That contributions to his cause could be by her diverted,
Is not a likely circumstance unless the two concerted.

In New York the question of the hour is, Who is governor? Sulzer says he is; the legislature by instituting impeachment proceedings places the lieutenant governor in the executive chair pending the outcome of the trial.

San Francisco has found a warm advocate of representation by Great Britain in the 1915 fair in the person of Sir Thomas Lipton. We shall be disappointed if any other than Lipton's teas is imbibed in San Francisco hereafter.

Because a passenger on a French railway who was detected riding in a first class coach on a second class ticket did not have the few cents difference in price to refund he blew out his alleged brains. This by way of accenting the plea that he had no sense.

It is staggering to learn from so high an authority as Rudolph Spreckels that he has no confidence in President C. C. Moore of the Panama-Pacific exposition, nor yet in Thornwell Mullaly or Col. Michael de Young. If he had, of course, he would cheerfully remit the balance due on his \$25,000 subscription of which one-third has been paid. Poor old San Francisco!

"Chains:" Dramatization of the Claims of Duty---By Randolph Bartlett

AFTER all that has been said by men of noble life as to the secret of all right conduct being only 'Duty, duty, duty,' is man to be told now that duty is the primal curse from which we must redeem ourselves before we can advance another step on the road along which, as we imagine—having forgotten the repudiations made by our fathers—duty and duty alone has brought us thus far? But why not? God was one of the most sacred of our conceptions; and He had to be denied. Then Reason became the Infallible Pope, only to be deposed in turn. Is Duty more sacred than God or Reason?"

Thus, in his introduction to "The Quintessence of Ibsenism" did George Bernard Shaw arraign duty, generally considered by orthodox social thinkers to be the only stable foundation upon which relations of men and women can be based. The corollary is, how far should the individual be influenced by his duty to society when it conflicts with his obvious duty to himself? The latest of the dramas to enshrine individual freedom as the highest motive actuating man, is Elizabeth Baker's "Chains," a graphic picture of scenes in the lives of the clerk class of London, wherein a young man makes a vain effort to break away from the awful monotony of his existence. The play makes no pretense of dramatic intensity; the innate characters of these people, neither dull enough nor revolutionary enough for high tragedy, preclude such a possibility. The story has its high lights through the awakening of the aspirations of two persons who have had their visions of freedom. All the others wear their chains willingly excepting the one who makes the losing fight, and these manacles are of many kinds. Some have been weighted with them so long that they have made of them a sort of religion; for others they are gilded with romance; still others lack the mental perspective to realize that there is another life outside of the circumscribed radius to which the chains confine them.

Charles Wilson is an ordinary clerk. His employment may be in a bank, a mercantile establishment, a brokerage office, or anywhere that men are employed in the keeping of accounts and similar capacities. There is a vast amount of this routine work in the business of the world. Someone must attend to the innumerable details of the operations of the men of creative mind who guide large enterprises. Not all can be creative in the commercial world. Wilson is one of the privates in this army of clerks, and he has married a girl whose sister is a clerk and engaged to a clerk, whose brother is a clerk, and whose friends are clerks. It is a veritable community of accountants, in which the summit of human achievement is the faithful performance of these mechanical duties so persistently and continuously that eventually the chief clerk dies or is promoted, and the loyal one steps into the exalted position thus vacated. Wilson chafes at the dead level of it all, but seems to have no aspiration. Such a thing as open rebellion does not occur to him. He finds his only relief in the companionship of his devoted young wife, and in pottering about in a postage stamp of a garden, in which nothing can be induced to grow, but where his latent instinct toward creativeness can find something like elbow room. Clearly, he is in the mood for rebellion, if the inspiration should come.

It does come. The Wilsons eke out the husband's meager salary by taking in a boarder—another clerk—named Tennant. He takes Wilson aside and confides to him with all the solemnity of a man who is about to be hanged, that he has decided to give up his position, and go to Australia. He has nothing in sight out there, but is going to take the risk. He simply cannot stand it any longer. At first, Wilson is not awakened, and while the idea interests him, much as if his friend were going on a polar expedition, taking up aviation, or embarking in other such hazardous enterprises, his own consciousness does not immediately receive the flip that would make him say, "Why shouldn't I, too?" Wilson's wife, Lily, is frankly amazed, and regards Tennant's determination as absolutely foolish. The idea of giving up what you know you have, and what you can have indefinitely, with the ever present possibility of an ultimate chief clerkship, is preposterous to her.

Lily's sister, Maggie Massey, is the first person to appreciate Tennant's adventurous proceeding. She has felt the chains of the shop dragging upon her, and is looking forward to escape from them in a month or two by the matrimony route, having made an excellent match. She is surprised into admitting to her sister what she not even realized herself, that she is not particularly fond of her fiancé, and suddenly becomes irritated at the idea. Maggie's admiration for Tennant's course arouses in Wilson the realization that it may not be such an idiotic proceeding after all. His own discontent is intensified by the information that their rent is to be raised, and by his wife's suggestion that they take in two boarders in-

stead of one. "The day we rent the bathroom, Lil—I'm off to the colonies" he says in a jesting spirit, and then begins to think of it seriously. The presence of a bathroom in a clerk's house sounds queerly to American readers, who are informed by the veracious writers of humorous travel articles that even the big houses in England have only one or, at most, two of these institutions, but as this is an English play it is entitled to respect in matters of detail such as this.

The more Charley thinks of the possibility of doing, himself, what Tennant is going to do, the more dissatisfied he becomes with his condition. Maggie sympathizes with him, almost going so far as to persuade him to take the chance:

MAGGIE: I can never understand why a man gets married. He has so many chances to see the world and do things—and then he goes and marries and settles down and is a family man before he's twenty-four.

WILSON: It's a habit.

MAGGIE: If I were a man I wouldn't stay in England another week. I wouldn't be a quill-driver all my life—

(Wilson walks restlessly up and down the room.) —if I were a man.

WILSON: Men can't do everything.

MAGGIE: Don't you think it's fine of Mr. Tennant to throw up everything and take the risk?

WILSON: I'd do the same if—

(Lily's voice is heard from the adjoining room.) **MAGGIE:** I wonder what Lil would say if you did.

WILSON: (Stops dead and looks at Maggie) If I did? What are you talking about?

MAGGIE: Why shouldn't you?

WILSON: Why shouldn't I? Aren't there a thousand reasons?

MAGGIE: There's Lily, certainly—but—

WILSON: She wouldn't understand. She'd think I was deserting her. . . . But that's not all. I might manage her—I don't know—but—you see, I've got a berth I can stay in all my life. It's like throwing up a dead cert. And then—

MAGGIE: It would be a splash.

WILSON: Yes—and think of all your people. What'd they say? They'd say I was running away from Lil—of course, it would seem like it. . . . It's impossible. I might never get anything to do—and then—I—

Thus it trails off, lack of determination, through his will power having been sapped by the routine and the force of the ideas of all his relatives and friends preventing him from deciding to make the break, but also from buckling down determinedly to the life that confronts him if he stays. At this point he receives another shock. He learns that the customary increase in salary which is regarded as the annual reward of the possessor of all the clerical virtues, is not forthcoming. The news is brought by a fellow employe, a veteran in the army of clerks, in whom Wilson sees a picture of what he will become if he remains in the rut. At last, the desire reaches the active stage, and instead of regarding the revolt as impossible, Wilson considers it as a contingency to be considered. He suggests it to the affectionate Lily, with disastrous results. She blames it to Tennant, she wails that her husband is tired of her, she will work hard and economize, and take another lodger. She cannot conceive of her husband wanting to do such a thing if he still loves her. So he packs her off to bed, with soothing assurances that he didn't mean a word of it, but when he is alone he unfolds a map of Australia and studies it far into the night.

Sunday, at the home of the parents of Maggie and Lily. The spirit of unrest is everywhere, excepting in the calm bosoms of the thoroughly satisfied elder Masseys. Maggie feels it, and begins to have her doubts as to her future happiness as the wife of Walter Foster, a sort of prince among clerks, in spite of the fact that it will mean emancipation from the shop, a fine home, and a servant. Her mother is puzzled at this, but is still more bewildered at learning that Wilson has suggested that he might go to Australia. Maggie hints that office work is monotonous, to which the mother replies, characteristically:

Of course, it is. So is all work. Do you expect work to be pleasant? Does anybody ever like work? The idea is absurd. Anyone would think work was to be pleasant. You don't come into the world to have pleasure. We've got to do our duty, and the more cheerfully we can do it, the better for ourselves and everybody else.

There is the clash in a nutshell, the crux of the drama. Which is the voice to which man should give ear—the one which tells him to do the thing which everyone expects him to do, which will interfere least with the conventions and rules of society, which will cause the least ripple on the placid tide,—or should he fight for his right to do the thing that will

satisfy the clamor of his own soul? Is joy in work only for an indefinite, future elysium:

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They are!

There is a regular family row at the Masseys when Wilson admits that he has had this desire to go to Australia, or elsewhere, to try to escape from his chains. Maggie alone can understand his point of view. The others simply argue in a circle. Wilson is a fool to sacrifice what he knows he can get, for mere speculation, and as for a married man thinking of going away, even though he makes it clear that he has a little money saved up upon which Lily can live until he can send for her, it is nothing short of desertion, and he is next thing to a scoundrel to think of it at all. At last he turns upon his tormentors:

For heaven's sake, can't you listen fair? My wife needn't go to her father for protection from me? I'm not a scoundrel just because I've got an idea, am I? (A pause—nobody answers) But I'll tell you what, marriage shouldn't tie a man up as if he was a slave. I don't want to desert Lily—she's my wife and I'm proud of it—but because I married, am I never to strike out in anything? People like us are just cowards. We seize on the first soft job—and there we stick, like whipped dogs. We're afraid to ask for anything, afraid to ask for a rise even—we wait till it comes. And when the boss says he won't give you one—do we up and say, "Then I'll go somewhere where I can get more." Not a bit of it. What's the good of sticking on here all our lives? Why shouldn't somebody risk something sometimes? We're all so jolly frightened—we've got no spunk—that's where the others get the hold over us—we slog on day after day and when they cut our wages down we take it as meek as Moses. We're not men, we're machines. Next week, I've got my choice—either to take less money to keep my job or to chuck it and try something else. You say—everybody says—keep the job. I expect I shall—I'm a coward like all of you—but what I want to know is, why can't a man have a fit of restlessness and all that, without being thought a villain?

The play closes with the day of Tennant's departure. Wilson outwardly has become reconciled to his fate, notwithstanding the fact that Lily encouraged him to go in these inspiring words: "If you want to go, I'll never stand in your way." Wilson successfully resists this bit of heroic urging, but Maggie has openly joined the revolutionists and broken her engagement with the highly superior clerk, Foster. She realized, finally, that in marrying him she would just be exchanging one form of cage for another, and her common sense pierces the fallacy that a married woman is free. She does not look upon the shop with any more affection than before, but she realizes that at least she can escape from it if driven to desperation, while the idea of ever running away from the solid Foster is preposterous.

While everyone has regarded Wilson as recovered from his fever, however, he has been making plans quietly for breaking away secretly, for his courage has been sapped so completely that he cannot entertain the idea of the scene which would follow an open announcement of his decision. He takes Tennant and Maggie into his confidence. He will leave as usual, ostensibly for the office, but will take a train for Plymouth and join Tennant on the boat, leaving a letter for Lily to receive after he has sailed, explaining it all. He is about to go, and naturally he is looking rather glum over the serious situation. Lily notices this, and to cheer him up whispers a little secret in his ear, and inadvertently, almost, upsets all his plans. He could ignore the criticisms of his friends, the wrath of his wife's family, her own tears, but the responsibility of prospective pater-nity is the deciding factor. He dons his conventional clerk's attire and goes to the office, while Lily sings a hymn which is quite a favorite with her family:

And it will surprise you what the Lord has done.
Count your blessings, count them one by one,
Count your blessings, see what God has done,
Count your blessings, count them one by one.

The chains are triple riveted again, Wilson resumes serving his life sentence as a clerk; in time he may even become as solid as the jilted Foster and perhaps, one day, call his son a fool for contemplating any different course, and say, "Why I went through that myself once—nearly rushed off to the colonies because I didn't get an increase in salary—but I didn't do it—and here I am."

Nine hundred young French women have petitioned the war minister to join the auxiliary army. The patriotic dears—vivandiers?

THE BOY: A ONE-ACT PLAY

Dramatized by Everett C. Maxwell from a
Story by Chester Fernald.

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CHARACTERS.

The Man.
The Woman.
The Boy.
A Detective.
A Police Officer.

SCENE.

The Nursery in John Holman's House in New York.

The Boy. Mother.

The Woman. Yes.

The Boy. I want to know where father went. You didn't tell me where he went.

(She moves to seek a book on table, avoiding his waiting eyes.)

There was a man—on the street. I didn't like him; he had eyes that looked at you. He asked me where father was.

The Woman. What did you say?

The Boy. I said I didn't know. He said, "You do know!" and his eyes looked at me; and I ran home. I hate him! I think he wants to hurt father—

(The woman approaches the bed and puts her hand upon the boy's head.)

The Woman. Father's gone away. It's a long way, I don't know just where. The man can never find him. Some day we shall leave this place and go and live with father again, in a place where that man can't come.

The Boy. When? How soon shall I see father?

The Woman. I don't know—I don't know.

Her fingers tighten, then hurriedly open the book.)

We must read—"Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp." (She forces a smile.)

The Boy. Mother, did he say good-bye to you, mother? (The woman shakes her head, no.) Mother, doesn't father love us? He didn't say good-bye to me either. Mother—?

The Woman. (Bending over the Boy) You don't understand. He had to go; he didn't have time. But he does love you. You're not to think about it. A little boy can't hope to understand everything. Now I'm going to read to you. (She adjusts his pillow.) "There once lived in one of the rich cities of China a tailor named Mustapha, who was very poor. He had but one child, a boy called Aladdin, and he was an idle fellow who would not work but spent his time in the streets with idle children like himself. At last his father was forced to abandon him to his idleness, and was so much troubled about him that he fell sick and died in a few months. Aladdin, who was now no longer restrained by the fear of a father, gave himself entirely over to his idle habits. As he was one day playing, a stranger passing by stood to observe him. The stranger was a sorcerer, known as the African Magician."

(The Woman stops reading. The child is asleep. She lays book on table, returns and gazes at child, kisses him lightly, turns off lights, and passes down corridor. After turning off lights in hall, enters a room at right. Following this a man is seen to enter the corridor from stairway at left. He turns on the light and pauses to listen at the door leading into the Woman's room. He is about to open it, but on second thought abandons the idea and, turning off the light, enters the Boy's room. He closes door behind him, turns on lights, and removes his hat. He is evidently not at rest, as he appears alert and watchful. He approaches the Boy's bed and lays his hand on the brow of the sleeping child. The eyes open and the Boy sits up.)

The Boy. (Sleepily) Father!

The Man. Sh! We mustn't wake mother! She's too tired. (He tiptoes and places a chair noiselessly by the bed.)

The Boy. Have you come back, father?

(The Man turns light on the Boy's face, keeping his own in shadow.)

The Man. I've come back only to see you. When I'm away I never hear your voice nor see you running about, then I get to thinking of what might happen to you, if something happened to me—so that I never came back.

The Boy. Will something happen to you; will you die?

The Man. No, I'm going to live! I'm going to live for you! Only if something should happen to you while I'm away, then I keep thinking—

(Sound of wagon on street below. The Man

glances quickly at windows, the shades of which are drawn. He takes the Boy's hand.)

(Gently) It's a strange fact that one can learn how to live, how to be happy, only by experience. One tries, and tries, to teach one's little boy the dangers of this life—all the things oneself has paid so much to learn; and one can't teach him very much.

I've never tried hard enough to make you understand some things, though, kiddy, and now you must understand! I want you to know how I thought of you when I'm away. When I'm away, mother has you, and you have mother; but I have no one—only myself.

The Boy. Will something happen? Something bad—?

The Man. (Grimly) No! It's only that we shall not live in New York very long. I—

(A current of air scrapes a shade across the window sill. The Man starts from his chair. A sharp breath escapes his lips, and half-smiling he resumes.) We shall have new friends—people who don't care so much for money, I hope. At any rate, we shall be among people who know how little it is worth sometimes. (With sudden emphasis) That's what you've got to learn; that's what I'm here for—to make you remember that no one can keep on forever getting richer. Do you understand? Somewhere everyone must stop.

The Boy. Why?

The Man. Because money costs too much. Because sooner or later you'll come to the point where you'll have to lie for it; because sooner or later the people you lied it away from will find it out and if they can they'll take it away from you, and you from it.

(Leans over and passes arm about the boy's waist, drawing him nearer.)

You're to remember these two words—MONEY and LIES; LIES and MONEY. One day you'll reach a point where you can stand alone, there won't be any mother or father to tell you what to do; and in front of you there'll be a lot of money—money to buy the things you want, money to make you prouder than your friends. You'll be able to get that money only by telling a lie—a lie big and strong enough to look like the truth, a lie that you think no one will ever discover. And you must not tell that lie.

The Boy. (Eagerly) I won't tell it, father.

The Man. How do you know? How do you know how much you already love, not that money, but the things you can buy with it? How do you know?

(A pause. The two regard each other in silence. The man changes his tactics.)

Has mother bought you any new toys this month?

The Boy. No.

The Man. If you could have anything you wanted—anything—what should you wish to buy?

The Boy. Anything? Oh! Then—then— Mother says I'm old enough to have a pony. I should want a pony—a fine dappled one, to ride in the Park—to be my own. A real pony!

The Man opens a wallet and takes out a roll of bills.)

The Man. But a pony wouldn't cost much more than two hundred dollars. Isn't there something you really want—something that would make you the happiest boy in the world? (Keenly) Something that other boys have not?

The Boy. But it costs too much. It's more than a pony. It runs on a track. It's a little real one.

The Man. What is it?

The Boy. Mother says it's too expensive. It's big enough to draw a little car with people in. It goes with real steam on a little track. It's an engine! It costs eight hundred dollars.

The Man. Here is a thousand dollar bill. That will buy the locomotive and—

The Boy. The pony!

(Throws both arms about his father's neck.)

O Father! Father!

(The Man lays a warning finger on the Boy's lips.)

Father, it has a bell and a whistle; it will go in the garden up at the lake! You put coal in, and water, and it makes steam; and—

The Man. And it makes you feel superior to all the other boys. It gives you power. No other boy can ride on it unless you allow him, and all of them will want to be your friends; and you'll think yourself just a little bit better than any of them.

The Boy. But I'll let the other boys ride. It can go backward, too. It's just like a big one.

The Man. Now (leaning over and pointing to the bank note) suppose you had no right to use that money; suppose you could keep it and spend it only in return for telling a lie—a great white lie, all beautiful outside, all rotten within—suppose you could never have that pony, never have that locomotive without the lie—would you have the courage to give me back that money then?

The Boy. But you gave it to me. And I didn't lie; and I wouldn't tell a lie; and it's mine—and it has a sand-box, just like the big ones, and—

The Man. Listen! You'll have a chance to act like a man now—just like a big one. The money

isn't yours. I didn't give it to you. (Pause) I can't give you that money—it isn't mine.

(The Boy buries his face in the pillows. The Man glances at the door.)

Be still! (Commandingly, as he sets the Boy up and snatches his hands away from his eyes.) Stop this! (Anxiously.)

The Boy. (Sobbing) But you—you said—I could have it! And I did want it, father.

The Man. Of course you wanted it! We all want it! And now (dwelling upon the words) how do you like going without it, giving it up? Is it easy? Do you understand now? Answer me!

The Boy. But you—said I could have it.

The Man. Suppose I had said so? Would you take it from me if the money wasn't mine to give? (Grasps the Boy's wrists) Answer me!

The Boy. (Frightened) What did you—say, Father?

The Man. I say that suppose in all your life you can never have that pony, never have that locomotive without lying for it, then what are you going to do about it?

The Boy. (Burying face on the Man's shoulder) I—don't know.

The Man. You don't know—? My God! What have I been trying to tell you? What have I been trying to make you understand?

(The Man's lips are pressed hard and he shakes the Boy with each word.)

I said you were not to LIE; not to lie for anything! Not to lie; though I—I, myself, should beg you on my knees. And whenever you are tempted to lie, no matter what or whom you think you'll save by it, then for God's sake, old man, stand up straight and tell the truth, and save yourself! Now! Can you remember that? Can you?

The Boy. Yes, sir—Yes, sir, I'll be good! Father, I will be good!

(The man rises, his frown is gone. His face is haggard and old. His hands clutch at his breast and drop hopelessly. He wheels to table and buries his head in his arms.)

The Man. It's no use! It's no use. I've frightened you, that's all.

(The Boy slips from his bed and approaches his father. He is possessed of a new and nameless fear.)

The Boy. Mother!

The Man. No, no! We mustn't wake her! Kiddy, (tenderly encircling the boy), Kiddy, I didn't mean to frighten you. But I might never see you again. Tell me you'll never lie, that's all—not for any one—not even for me!

The Boy. I'll be good, I'll be good!

(He pats the Man's cheek. The Man straightens up, smiles, and kisses the Boy.)

The Man. I was tired—worn out. God keep you, little one! And now—

(An electric bell rings. The Man springs to his feet, sets the Boy on chair.)

Don't move, kiddy. Keep still!

(The Man turns out lights in room, hurries to corridor, opens door at left and listens. Runs noiselessly back into room. He closes door all but narrow crack and stands peering through. Sound of heavy voices from below is heard and the Man starts to a window seat and opens top.)

The Boy. Father!

The Man. Don't speak! Say you don't know where I am! If you do, and they go away, you shall have the pony—you shall have the locomotive. Say you don't know where I went.

(The Man enters window seat and closes cover. Heavy feet enter the corridor. A deep voice is heard asking a question. A woman's voice answers, "I don't know." The Woman opens the door.)

The Woman. (Entering) For a month I have not seen him.

(A detective and a police officer enter as the Woman flashes on the lights. The men scan the apartment. The detective fixes his eyes on the Boy and slowly advances.)

Detective. We'll see what the boy knows. Do you know what perjury is?

The Boy. No, sir.

Detective. It's telling a lie when you ought to tell the truth. They take you to jail for that, and shave head, and call you Number 1010; and you can't see your friends but once a month. Now do you know what perjury is?

The Boy. Yes, sir.

Detective. Then tell me where your father went.

The Woman. (Quickly) They wouldn't send a little boy to jail and shave his head! Why do you try to frighten him?

Detective. (To Woman) Are you trying to get the Boy to lie? (To Boy) Your father came home to see you. If he hadn't wanted to see you he'd have stayed away. We want to see him.

The Boy. Mother—does that man want to hurt father?

The Woman. (Pause) Yes!

Detective. Madam, that isn't true. You are more likely to hurt your case by talking, madam, than you

are by keeping still. (To Boy) I don't want to hurt him, and if you want me to go away from here, I'll make a bargain. Tell me where your father is and I will go away. Then I can't hurt him, can I?

The Woman. But the policeman—!

(She checks herself and turns away.)

Detective. (Not heeding) (to Boy) But if you don't tell me, I'll stay here until you do.

(After a pause he takes a quick step forward and strikes his fist upon the table.)

Now, then (loudly).

(The Boy jumps back against the wall.)

The Boy. I'm not afraid of you. I'm not a purjury. I'm honest like my father! I'm not going to tell a lie; my father told me not to tell a lie—not for anything! My father's in there!

(Pointing to window seat.)

Now go 'way!

(The Woman sinks in chair and covers her face. The policeman moves to window seat. The Boy rushes wildly at detective, with clenched fists.)

Go—go—go!

(The Detective exits. The Man steps from window seat. He glances at policeman and commands silence by placing finger on lips. On the Man's face is seen, not defeat, but triumph. He catches the Boy in his arms.)

The Boy. (Happily) He's gone, father!

The Man. (Advancing to Woman) Nothing else need count, Mary. You have him, he's yours; and your work in the world goes on in him, all to your glory. The rest—needn't matter.

The Boy. Was I brave, father?

The Man. Yes! Never forget that I said so!

(Kisses him and places him in the Woman's arms.)

And now, I'm going to take this policeman and go look for the bad man.

(The Man and the policeman exit.)

The Boy. Was I brave, mother?

CURTAIN.

SENATOR WILLIAMS' DEMURRING MULE

PROTEST, debate and endless discussion on the part of the Republicans in the foolish effort to delay the passage of the tariff bill, which has been ordered by the American people, has elicited the following "pat" illustration from Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, which he gave on the floor of the senate the other day, after Senator Gallinger and other standpatters had indulged in their customary windjamming tactics. Said the tall Mississippian:

I was once standing on Jefferson street, in Yazoo City, near old John Brumfield's office. Just across the way was a mule, and on the mule was a little nigger. The mule was at one time throwing up his hind heels, and the next time he was throwing up his fore heels, and the next time he was putting all his four feet together and humping his back, and the little ducky was managing to stay on by gluing his bare heels to the mule's sides and his arms around his neck. Old John Brumfield said: "John, I wish you would come look at that mule. He doesn't know a thing about pleading. Evidently he never studied pleading." I said: "John, I can't imagine what connection there is between that mule's conduct and the science of legal pleading." "Why," he said, "you are stupider than I thought. Don't you see that the mule is demurring, when he ought to go to the country?"

"If the Republicans," continued the story teller, "are as certain as they pretend to be that the tariff bill is going to play havoc with everything and everybody and arouse the disgust of the people and the country, why do they not quit demurring and let us go to the country. We are ready. The quicker the better." Whereat, the ubiquitous Gallinger of New Hampshire explained that his party proposed to continue to demur "until the people of the country understand our position. . . . We are endeavoring," he assured the majority, "to enlighten the people on questions of great public concern."

Possibly so, but the people have been studying the pros and cons of the questions to which he refers for the last four years fairly assiduously and their conclusions were emphasized so emphatically last November that even Senator Gallinger ought to be convinced of their enlightenment. Neither he nor any fellow standpatter has any hope of preventing the final passage of the bill nor is the New Hampshire senator blind to the state of public opinion. All the obstruction the Republicans can devise will not affect the result nor will it interest the people. Rather the reverse; in fact, it will tend to exasperate them. The Republicans are pursuing a fatuous course, one that will still further retard their return to power.

MERGER OF CALL WITH CHRONICLE

Passing of San Francisco's Oldest Morning Daily and One of Its Greatest Scoops

SEPTEMBER 1, 1913, after an existence of nearly fifty-seven years—having been founded December 1, 1856—the San Francisco Call will pass into the possession of M. H. De Young and become merged with the Chronicle, its oldest competitor, but eleven years its junior. One of its earliest editors was the late Col. James J. Ayers of Los Angeles, for a long time one of the owners of the old Los Angeles Herald. Mark Twain was a reporter on its staff at that time and at a later date Charlotte Perkins Stetson was a constant contributor. In 1859 Loring Pickering and George K. Fitch became interested in the paper together with James W. Simonton. Mr. Pickering also held a controlling interest in the Bulletin up to the time of his death, December 29, 1892. His interest in both papers was acquired by Mr. Fitch who retained control of the Call until the paper was acquired by John D. Spreckels.

There are probably few papers on the Pacific Coast where there has developed such an *esprit de corps* in the staff as existed on the San Francisco Call in the days when it was managed by Charles D. Hornick and edited by Ernest Simpson. As the Call is about to lose its identity through the merger with the Chronicle, it is interesting to recall one of the greatest exhibitions of this spirit ever displayed. It occurred in connection with the confession of the murder of a young woman bookkeeper, the slayer of whom was cleverly retained in the Call's editorial rooms all night to protect the most remarkable scoop in Pacific Coast newspaper history since the time Tom Garrett figured out that Durrant was the murderer of the two girls for whose death he later was hanged, and an edition was published accusing him even before the police had decided upon his guilt. Following is an account of the Call's big scoop:

Miss Caroline Brasch, bookkeeper for Gray Brothers, contractors, was shot and instantly killed in her office in the Wells Fargo building at 1:30 Wednesday, June 30. In an adjoining office were Harry Gray and a stenographer. Gray rushed out when the shot was fired, but by the time he had ascertained that the girl was dead, the man had disappeared. The first clue the police found was the statement of Harry Gray that Miss Brasch had telephoned to him a few minutes previously that a laborer was complaining over a charge of \$6.40 against him on his pay check. Later developments proved that this conversation had been more than an hour earlier, if not, in fact, before lunch. Examination of the books of the firm showed that the only man against whom there had been a charge of \$6.40 was Joseph Novak, who had been in the company's office early in the day, quarreling with Miss Brasch over his pay check.

This seemed to place the guilt and the police net was spread, but it was newspaper publicity that brought about the arrest. All the morning papers Thursday tried and convicted Novak. Thursday morning a man applying for work at an employment agency at 612 Clay street, gave his name as Joe Novak, and was arrested. At the police station, under the most severe "sweating," the accused man insisted that he was innocent. He declared that he did not go back to Gray Brothers after his altercation in the morning. He admitted going to a second hand store, however, and buying a new coat and changing his shoes. This was while the police were hunting for him. So it was decided that Novak was the guilty man, and the afternoon papers asserted that the murderer had been captured.

About 9 o'clock Thursday night a man in the garb of a laborer walked into the anteroom of the editorial offices of the Call and asked to see the city editor. He said he had a "news item."

Now it was a complicated process, getting admission to the Call editorial rooms. First a telephone girl had to indorse you, and she turned you over to an office boy. If he approved you he informed the person you wanted to see, and you waited until that person found time to interview you. So the laborer waited, and waited, and waited. It so happened, as it usually did, that Fernback, the city editor, was busy, and he turned to J. Russell Cole, one of the star reporters:

"'Busty,' see what that gink out there wants. He says he has a news item."

'Busty' went out into the hall.

"Are you the city editor?" asked the man.

"Yes," said Cole.

"Well, I'm the man that murdered the girl in the Wells-Fargo building" said the stranger. "Here's the gun I did it with," and he pulled from a pocket a long revolver.

Cole thought he had a maniac to deal with, but he grabbed the gun, poked it against the man's side, and marched him into the editorial room to the amazement of a score of reporters, copy readers and editors.

Then the man, James Edward Cunningham, began his confession, and although it was circumstantial to the smallest detail, describing even how a chip of

plaster flew off the wall when the bullet went through Miss Brasch's head, still the newspaper men would not believe that he was the murderer for a long time. He showed no remorse, but said that his motive in confessing was to free the innocent Novak, who was well started on his way toward the gallows.

Finally, the editors were convinced, and they never allowed Cunningham outside the little office where "Busty" Cole first took him, and Jack Nyland, a husky young giant of a reporter, stood guard over him. Column after column of the confession was turned out, giving the life history of Cunningham from his birth to the minute of going to press. If there had not been a strike of the engravers in effect it is impossible to imagine what pictorial variations would have been worked out. Soon after midnight the Call's big "scoop" was ready. Then came the battle of newspaper experts to protect a record breaking story.

Ordinarily, the city editions of the San Francisco papers come off the presses about 3 a. m. and if it is discovered that one is holding back, the late watch on the other two begins to worry.

So when 3:30 arrived and no Call, Watt Brown, assistant city editor, and Lawrence Toole, night editor of the Examiner, started to wonder. When 4 o'clock arrived, but no Call, they hastened to ascertain if it was mechanical trouble. When they found that the edition was being held they got into action. Now Watt Brown is generally admitted to possess more resources in trailing down a story than any other man in San Francisco.

So Brown and Toole called taxicabs and started on the scent. Rather, they started to find the scent, but there was none to be found. At the police station, at Jellison's saloon (the official press club), at the lunch counters—everywhere they went they were met by the densest ignorance as to what the Call had up its sleeve.

Finally, a newsboy succeeded in getting in and out of the pressroom of the Call and reported:

"There's a big seven column line 'I Killed Miss Brasch—James Edward Cunningham.'"

By this time Brown and Toole were almost frantic, and when they learned that the Call had the real murderer of the cashier, they took extreme measures. Rushing to a telephone booth they began calling up every Cunningham that had a 'phone, trying to find who "James Edward" was, but this yielded nothing, and as it was almost 5 o'clock by this time, and it would have been impossible to retrieve even had they learned the facts, they went out and stood on the sidewalk opposite the Call corner and waited to see the paper.

Meanwhile, Ernest Simpson, managing editor of the Call, was standing at the window of his office, and enjoying the spectacle of Brown and Toole on the rampage. In the next room was the murderer, and chase as they would, the Examiner men could not get any information until they saw the Call, and Simpson knew it.

At 5 o'clock Simpson told "Busty" Cole to find out if the Examiner pressmen had gone home. An unsuspecting boy on the telephone exchange of the rival paper informed him that they had.

"Then let her go" said Simpson.

And she went.

Not until then did the Call men notify the police that they had the murderer of Caroline Brasch in their office.

One of the most remarkable things about the whole affair, from the newspaper man's point of view, was learned later. The Examiner editorial rooms and plant were then near the waterfront in a temporary, one-story shack, built just after the 1906 disaster. Cunningham told several reporters that he first went to the Examiner branch office at 74 Geary street, when he decided to give himself up. This office is only half a block from the Call building. But the young man in charge of the Geary street office thought Cunningham was insane, and told him he would have to go to the main office.

"I started to go down there," said Cunningham, "but it was too far." So, through its geographical advantage, the Call got the "scoop" originally intended for the Examiner, and the failure of William Randolph Hearst and the Hearst estate promptly to build on the only vacant corner at Third and Market cost his paper a monumental story.

Another noteworthy feature of the affair was the unanimous loyalty of the employees of the Call. From the editors down to the pressmen, no fewer than fifty men must have known about the big scoop, but there was not one of the fifty, though every one knew he could have commanded any price he had named for the story, who would sell his paper.

San Francisco, Aug. 14, 1913.

PERSEUS.

German merchants are demanding that their country be represented officially at the San Francisco fair and the authorities are visibly weakening. If Berlin accedes Italy and Austria and Russia are likely to follow. There is hope for Great Britain even. Cheer up, neighbor, all is not lost!



Col. De Young's Bold Stroke

Merger of the San Francisco Call with the Chronicle, which will give Col. M. H. de Young a greatly strengthened position in the northern metropolis, reminds me that the negotiations for the transfer which will be formally effected September 1, were conducted by F. W. Kellogg of Pasadena, formerly head of the Clover Leaf list of dailies and one of the brightest minds in the modern newspaper field. Mr. Kellogg is a son-in-law of Mr. William A. Scripps of Altadena, a name not unknown in newspaper circles in the United States. This sale of the Call is one of the most important newspaper consolidations the country has known and I congratulate the resourceful Kellogg on his achievement which I trust proved profitable to him financially. I had just written this much when a telegraph messenger handed me a dispatch from Col. De Young apprising me of his projected announcement in Friday's Chronicle and asking me to telegraph my opinion of the purchase, to which I replied:

I regard the consolidation as a masterly stroke and one of the most important newspaper transfers the country has known. It should markedly strengthen the Chronicle in its already well entrenched position and result in giving San Francisco a newspaper property of vast influence in its upbuilding. It takes courage and great faith to suppress entirely a competitor of the age and high standing of the Call—the pioneer morning daily—and I predict for you the reward that invariably attends the bold ones of the earth who have the courage of their convictions.

This response voices my sincere belief and my best wishes attend the merger.

Lou Guernsey, the Sleuth

Let "Billy" Joyce and Jack Elliott look to their muscles in the race for the succession to Hon. Cornelius Pendleton, as collector of the port, for warm on the trail of the appointment is that brave and sturdy young Democrat, the Stentor of the Athletic Club entertainments, Hon. Lou Guernsey whose Democratic affiliations date back to 1900 when he played hooky from school, back in Poughkeepsie, to greet the advent of William J. Bryan at that classic Hudson resort of rival boat crews. That he was soundly paddled for his breach of discipline is another story on whose painful details I will not dwell. Suffice it that the leading Democrats of his former New York home, together with Congressman Kettner of San Diego are earnestly advocating the appointment of Lou, thus accenting my admonition to Messrs. Joyce and Elliott to beware of the Guernsey lily. There is a strong probability, I hear, of the Democratic county central committee endorsing the candidacy of the brilliant young newspaper man whose sleepless nature and pertinacious characteristics are bound to cause his hated rivals poignant moments. Having a high regard for all three aspirants what can I say other than how happy would I be were any one of the trio named collector, since Corney must bow to the inevitable.

Otheman Stevens' New Honors

With considerable eclat I welcome Otheman Stevens into the grandfather class. With his retreating hair Otheman is well able to play the part, having all the stage equipment, so to say. At the same time it is a severe test of one's nerves to be hailed as grandfather. Mrs. Stevens, I am sure, will enjoy her newly-made honors—it is characteristic of all good mothers to glory in this crown of mature womanhood—but, O, the fathers! how they do squirm, at first. Gradually, they get reconciled. I write feelingly on the subject.

Preparing For the Annual Holdups

Anniversary editions—aptly designated by the Tribune as the "annual hold-ups"—are once more in the air, with the Times and Examiner preparing for their usual avalanche of printed words and white paper with gaudy illustrations. The little joker in the situation this year is the fact that the same promoter is putting forth both editions, and from all reports is fleeing the lambs. For instance, his solicitors for the Times number induce a man to contract for an advertisement. Immediately, his Examiner trailers are put upon the prospective good

thing's scent and as a rule the argument, "Well, you gave it them, why not to us?" proves efficacious. Referring to the Tribune's attack on the "annual hold-ups" it is related that when the penny matin-daily issued one of its own several months ago, an advertising man was sent to the Pacific Electric. Upon his plea for representation in his paper, the official to whom he was talking reached into a pigeonhole in his desk and drew forth the clipped editorial in which such editions were condemned. He read it to the solicitor and inquired, "Well, do you want the ad in these circumstances?" And the man retired abashed.

Dan Murphy Home Again

I suppose the happiest man in Los Angeles is Dan Murphy who after an eight months' touring of the high roads of Europe is enjoying the comforts of his artistically beautiful home on West Adams street and the association of his myriad friends in club and commercial life. Accompanied by his wife and daughter a glorious outing was their lot in which no mishap of any moment was experienced. "But Los Angeles never looked better to me" remarked Dan with unctious, as he received the welcome of his cronies at the California Club recently.

Is the Hearst Star Waning?

Apparently, William Randolph Hearst does not stand so well with his hired help as in days gone by. In the report of that "epochal" event, the laying of the corner stone of the new Examiner building, it was amazing to note that the picture of the greatest newspaper genius of all time was buried away back on the first page of the second section of his own newspaper, and was found in only two other places in the entire report of this gala occasion, which really should have been a state holiday, or at least a civic one. These other two likenesses of "our noble chief" were found on the second and third pages of the second section of the paper, and in the half dozen other photographs the emperor among publishers was not to be discovered with a powerful magnifying lens. Then, too, there was manifest carelessness in handling our Willie's copy. The initial letter in the pungent extract on the first page was out of line, and there was a typographical error in the text as well as in the headlines of the accompanying article. True, an attempt was made to let the greatest of all journalists down easy by saying of his oration that it contained "phrases sonorous with brave sense," whatever that may mean. As a result of this cavalier treatment of the incomparable Hearst, it is said that several heads of departments are tottering on their shoulders, and the axe is expected to fall at any moment. Lese majeste never has been encountered in such aggravated form on a Hearst publication, and it is doubtful if the imperial dignity is to be soothed even by the praise voiced by Rabbi Hecht for "the man nationally honored for his modesty and the purity of his character."

Preparing For Coming Events

"Cobby" as City Editor Coblenz of the San Francisco Examiner is known to his associates in the northern city, is chairwarming in the editorial rooms of the Herald these days, evidently with a view to familiarizing himself with the modus operandi of handling news on a post meridian sheet. All of which is portentous of coming events in the afternoon newspaper field at San Francisco, which, it is said, Mr. Hearst is preparing to invade. Whether, as rumored, he is to take over the Post or launch a brand new sheet the gossips are not advised. It is doubtful if the corporations will be inclined to turn over the Post to William Randolph whose erratic conduct in regard to the vested interests is well known. The Hearst appetite for afternoon papers doubtless has been whetted by the phenomenal success of the Herald whose circulation I am informed by those who know is well up in the eighty thousands. Concurrently, comes a report that the Express is now able to run off its editions with one crew and with one press, which is fairly indubitable evidence of the great inroads the Herald is making in the Express' circulation.

Saved One Salacious Case at Least

Perhaps, it would not be a display of good citizenship to express satisfaction that Prince Stanislaus Sulkowski and his bride, formerly Miss Freese, succeeded in getting out of the country before the prince could be arrested on the charge of having brought a woman to this country for immoral purposes. It might be contempt of court, or something of the sort, but let me put it this way: California, with its nauseous Diggs-Caminetti case now in progress in the north, and its Bixby and allied trials impending in the south, is at least to be saved the spectacle of still another of the same kind, concerning an offense, which, if it be not blackmail as the prince charges, at least has to do with subjects of another nation. Thus far, I have heard few expressions of public indignation at Sulkowski. Mayhap,

were the alleged victim a more pathetic figure there would be greater sympathy for her, but I opine that the real reason is we are weary unto death of these disgusting affairs which justice demands must be threshed out in open court, and are glad to get rid of a bundle of dirty linen which is not our property.

This Is a Real Debt to San Francisco

Los Angeles actually owes its success in landing the 1916 Knights Templar conclave, to San Francisco. It was the work done by the famous Commandery No. 1 from the northern metropolis that turned the tide in favor of the Southern California city, although the east was pulling hard for New York. Los Angeles did not send an organized delegation to Denver, but a number of earnest knights went individually, affiliating generally with the San Franciscans, who took two carloads of California products to the Colorado capital to distribute among the members of the order assembled there.

Vulgar Cartoon Is Anonymous

I was glad to note that the stupidly vulgar cartoon on the first page of the Times Thursday morning, although it bore unmistakable characteristics of the work of E. W. Gale, was not signed. It was clearly an "office idea" turned over to the artist for execution. This class of work is usually assigned to Taylor, who is a past master in the pictorial predication of the obvious, particularly when the obvious is likewise coarse. Gale's work is always finished and clean, and I congratulate him on his good taste in not signing the "casus belli" drawing, if it was his, as seems so apparent by its technical aspect.

California Paradise For Photographers

There are times when we all weary of the everlasting exaltation of California as the paradise for this, that, and the other thing. I beg to apologize, therefore, as I mention another class of folk who find their elysium here—the photographers. Herbert G. Ponting, the camera man—moving and stationary—with the Scott expedition to the South Pole, in a recent interview said: "I learned photography in one of the finest countries on earth—California. There is practically no branch of the art I have not studied in that land of perpetual sunshine and flowers." Those of us who have seen the work of Mode Wineman—truly "art de la mode"—realize the possibilities of the California landscapes and atmospheric textures.

GRAPHICALITIES

Now let the San Francisco air be promptly fumigated, The Bulletin has said its say, the Barbary Coast is sated;

The daily pornographic grist no longer is appearing And circulation in the slums the bedrock point is nearing.

Social note: Porter Charlton of New York has sailed for Genoa, where he will be received by a representative of the Italian government. Admiring friends were at the dock to bid him farewell. If the Italian officials urge him Mr. Charlton may conclude to remain abroad, in the land where his wife lies buried.

Dr. Pearson of the Holloway medical staff appears to have forcibly expiated his official sins through the agency of four suffragettes who "spelled" one another in horsewhipping the physician. "O, woman, in our hours of ease," etc.

State Horticultural Commissioner A. J. Cook has emerged from his trial with pennants flying. The governor has absolved him of all blame and his opponents have agreed to bury the pruning knife. *Valet anchora virtus*, ie., virtue is a sheet-anchor.

All the cards being stacked on Sulzer and his own hand being "foul," the best course for him to pursue is to throw it down—by resigning. He has only himself to blame for his downfall. The regret is that Tammany survives.

It is the worst that has happened! Dr. Harvey W. Wiley is on record as declaring that woman was not a rib adjunct of Adam, but sprang from the same monitions bioplasm as man. Now . . . ay she perk up.

Nat Goodwin has gone to Baden Baden for the baths. It is a wise sequence to demonstrating a restaurant. Overeating, followed by curative waters, evidences a traveled mind.

News item: "Mexican rebels have captured Aguas Calientes." We were under the impression they had been in hot water for several months.

Delays in the senate in the passage of the tariff bill are chargeable solely to the pernicious partisanship of such standpatters as Senators Gallinger, Penrose and other enemies of the people.



By W. Francis Gates

There seems to be a craze for giving Los Angeles more music than she wants. It would seem that music-providers consider only the supply, not the market. Here is an appropriate forecast for the coming season:

Forty concerts by the People's Orchestra, twenty-four concerts by the Symphony Orchestra, though it must be admitted that at present the orchestral concerts are problematical; twelve concerts and "rehearsals" by the Brahms Quintet; twenty-four performances by the Tivoli Opera Company (October and November); twenty-four performances of Italian opera (November and December); sixteen performances by the Montreal Opera Company (February); eight performances by the Chicago Opera Company (March); of these sixty-two performances about one third are problematical; eight concerts by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra (March); eight concerts by the Victor Herbert Orchestra (April); four concerts each by the Lyric and the Ellis clubs and three by the Orpheus Club, also about sixty-five concerts by visiting and resident artists of more or less prominence.

Verily it seems as if the musical writer would have straw for his bricks this season. And still there are those who would aspire to the post of music reporter, even to be a so-called "musical critic." It takes fair judgment to give a fairly accurate and readable report of a concert or recital, though no preparation is necessary for criticism. Everyone is a musical critic—born so; anyone can tell you that a performance was good or bad, "rotten" or "just lovely;" and when one asks for an analysis in support of the statement, the answer always starts off, "I did" or "I didn't like" as the case may be—showing that the whole matter is one of personal prejudice, one way or the other, having no foundation of education or discriminative judgment.

Speaking of being a musical critic, how would you like to be a musical manager? Sure! Easy thing. Rent a hall, tell the artists to come on and sit back and take no profits. Think so, do you? Well, here is a tale of woe as related by the "Pacific Coast Musician," in which Mr. Colby shows that the business of musical mismanaging is not one entirely of profits alone:

"Louis Persinger's concert secured but \$91 last season; Alex Heineman drew less than half the sum paid him; Mme. Kelsey and Mr. Cunningham jointly failed to prevent a deficit; Alice Nielson and her excellent company, in two delightful operatic performances proved a loss; Galston brought but \$49.75 into the treasurer's hands; Mme. Mero failed to secure a large enough attendance at either of her two Los Angeles concerts to cover the cost of Auditorium rent, let alone the cost of her services; Mme. Clara Butt and Mr. Rumfort were a big loss, attracting less than half the size of the audiences they secure elsewhere; Mme. Eames and her co-artist, the finished De Gogorza, have never proved profitable in Los Angeles; Harold Bauer has always played a Los Angeles engagement at a loss to the local manager; Rudolf Ganz and Riccardo Martin attracted an audience insufficient to pay for their engagement by nearly \$300, not considering other expenses connected with their concert. The Peoples Orchestra concerts suffered a deficit equaling about one-third of its total expenses;

also the symphony season showed a large deficit. One of the oldest chamber music organizations in Los Angeles (the Krauss Quartet) disbanded last year because of insufficient support on the part of the music loving public."

It must be admitted that all this does not speak very creditably for Los Angeles, but it also speaks loudly to the discredit of the business sense of the musicians and to the musical judgment of the eastern managers, who insist on dating artists in Los Angeles, in the face of such a record. It also shows that those who attended the best concerts of the above list got more than they paid for, at least did not pay their proportion of the cost of the concert. It's a good thing we don't buy concert privileges in Los Angeles on the basis of proportionate expense, or we would pay \$10 each to hear certain of the artists.

There is no use in scolding the public for this condition, any more than there would be sense in scolding it for liking its bread and butter without cheese or for preferring cayenne on its strawberries. It was a wise old chap who said, "De gustibus nil desperandum est" or words to that effect, which someone has translated, "Like what you damplease but don't bother me about it." A man likes what he likes and there is no use kicking him for it. Part of us like good music, and most of us, in Los Angeles, don't—and there you are. It's the manager who emerges from the diminutive office of the brass wind instrument.

Here is a scheme which may pan out better than asking music teachers to pay \$20 each to support the People's orchestra: the Music Teachers Association manager is projecting a Verdi memorial program for October 10, at which Verdi's "Requiem Mass" will be sung. Chorus, orchestra and soloists are required for this work. The prospective proceeds will be applied to the erection of a Verdi memorial in one of the parks. Judging from the fate of other benefit and memorial concerts in Los Angeles, it would be well to select a secluded spot in Griffith park for the erection of said memorial. The theory is all right, the concert, the cooperation of forces, the object, the disposal of the funds—and, dear knows, there are few enough celebrities "on a bust" in our parks. But in practice promoters of such concerts often have paid the house rent—and taken the profits in advertising—in this city. Another thing not particularly to our credit, perhaps, but true.

Attendants at the August dinner of the Gamut Club heard a delightful program, largely by local musicians. So often does the club hear visiting artists that this was in the nature of a reminder of the excellent talent here at home. After the dinner was well under way Miss Bessie Chapin opened the musical part of the affair with two violin numbers, with Alfred Butler accompanying, and Mr. Butler followed with a Liszt concert etude. Mr. Bernstein, of the Bendix quartet, was handed Miss Chapin's violin and told to play it, which he did effectively in two numbers, one the "Thais" meditation, with Miss Marie Edwards accompanying, the players being strangers to each other and both playing from memory. Miss Edwards later gave the left hand arrangement of the "Lucia" sextet. Mrs. Menasco, the popular

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Afternoon Tea from four to six

FIFTY CENTS

local 'cellist, played three numbers, one a melody by her son, accompanied by J. A. Anderson. Paloma Schramm was introduced by President Blanchard as his own particular "find" and she played selections from Wagner and Schumann, followed by Karla Schramm, playing equally as well as her more advertised sister. Leon Eccles, accompanied by Miss Ebert, sang two numbers, closing the program of music.

Oratorical features of the Gamut dinner were equally interesting. Judge Walter Bordwell, recently home from Europe and Africa, received a most hearty welcome and gave entertaining reminiscences of his trip. Herbert Standing, formerly with Sir Henry Irving's company, was a jovial and entertaining raconteur and W. J. Dodd displayed the orotund tones of an Episcopalian profundissimo clergyman, while Messrs. Chapin, Behymer and Lummis spoke briefly and to the point. Mmes. Tiffany and Selby were on the program but were not present.

Mrs. Herbert Standing said to me at the above dinner, "Why, this dinner is perfectly delightful, don't you know; we have nothing like this in London." The answer was, "Your Englishman is afraid he will speak to some one; the American is afraid he will not." The informality of the Gamut dinners is one element of their great popularity. Another is that the visiting "man who has done something" lays aside the dignity of the stage or concert platform or legislative hall and becomes a jolly good fellow—or shows he isn't, and the club has yet to find any occupant for its "stiff-neck" collar, as under the surface the visitors, especially the musicians and actors, are of the goodfellow variety. The Gamut "fellows" anticipate a series of enjoyable dinners this season as the Gamut glad hand is open to every visiting artist of standing.

Here's a new one: the University M. E. orchestra announces that it has a "concert mistress."

Elsa Behymer is back after a year in Europe, given to study and travel. Her mother, Mrs. L. E. Behymer, is recovering from three months of serious illness.

Henry Schoenfeld is home from a visit to Denver, Chicago and Milwaukee.

Calvin B. Cady is in Los Angeles, devoting a few weeks to normal piano instruction.

Paloma Schramm made a hit with her piano solos at a recent San Diego concert.

Frieda Peycke, composer and pianist, is recreating in Alaska.

Carl Bronson's daughters will join him in Los Angeles shortly, making their home with him.

Ray Hastings added much to the recent "Quo Vadis" pictures by his masterly organ improvisations. He marched Saint Paul in to a "Parsifal" phrase.

F. H. Colby is practicing his punning abilities this summer, evidently

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
July 8, 1913.

Not coal lands 016097
NOTICE is hereby given that John W. F. Diss, whose post-office address is 302 Stimson Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 29th day of July, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application No. 016097, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 27, Lots 1, 2, Sec. 33, Lot 4, Section 34, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$343.70, the stone estimated at \$171.85 and the land \$171.85; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 24th day of September, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
July 11, 1913.

Not coal lands 019293
NOTICE is hereby given that George Washington Haight, whose post-office address is 1686 W. Adams street, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 7th day of July, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019293, to purchase the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 8, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and the stone thereon have been appraised at \$100.00 (see 019393), the stone estimated at \$60.00 and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 25th day of September, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
July 21, 1913.

Non-coal. 014048
NOTICE is hereby given that Charles A. Foote, of Los Angeles, Cal., who, on Oct. 14, 1911, made Homestead entry No. 014048, for SE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 20, W $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 21, Lot 2, Sec. 28, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 10th day of September, 1913, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: E. F. Decker, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Fred Vaughan, of Cornell, Cal.; Oscar Keffler, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Eugene Kincade, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

acting as understudy for Adolf Willhartitz during the latter's absence in Europe.

Vernon Spencer and Anthony Carlson are back from a successful and pleasant concert trip to the Hawaiian Islands.

Mrs. Florence Wallace gave a recital in South Pasadena last week, displaying her capable soprano to good advantage.

Harry Risser Patty, pianist and writer, is in Honolulu until September.



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

There has been little or no excuse for those who profess a deep and unflagging interest in art to allow their enthusiasm to wane during the present summer season. As a general rule the art reviewer regards the intervening weeks from June to September as the "saddest of the year," for often it appears that in this period art is truly "in the sere and yellow leaf." Usually, the gallery exhibitions close about the second week in June and even the studios of the artists are often dismantled and deserted for the summer. It is then that we know the sketching season is upon the land and the busy painters drop from our sight for a time and few are permitted to follow their wanderings upon the heights.

This summer, now drawing so rapidly to its close, has been an exceptional one in many ways. Art events of unusual importance have crowded upon one another's heels from week to week and the art reviewer has never once been at a loss for excellent material from which to weave a story. Even our popular little journeys have been crowded to the wall for sheer lack of space and several articles of a general nature pertaining to art in general have been pigeon-holed to make way for more important stuff.

To begin with, the exhibition season did not ring down its final curtain until the last week in June. Strictly speaking, it has not yet done so as three permanent summer showings of great art merit are still to be seen in Los Angeles. These are the collection of five hundred thumb-box sketches by noted American painters at the Reynolds Gallery, the Painters of the Southwest at the Royer Gallery, and last but not least, the Jules Pages display at the ever popular Steckel Gallery. All of these exhibitions have claimed space from time to time and in addition came such important events as the Sketch Club Show, the studio salons of Joseph Greenbaum and A. Hamilton Wolfe, the private view of the mural paintings by Maynard Dixon, the opening of the Borde gallery of nature photographs by Mode Wineman in Santa Monica, the new Julia Bracken Wendt commission, and others of more or less importance too numerous to mention.

Just when it seemed that we had disposed of all of the above catalogued events and were free at last to devote time and space to our long interrupted "little journeys," there comes the announcement from the art colony housed in the Copp building studios that this group of painters is to open a new art gallery to public view Monday, August 18. For the last four years the third and fourth floors of the Copp building, between Second and Third streets on Broadway, has rapidly increased in favor with local art workers and now we find that it is a close second to the Walker Building on Grand avenue. For a long time the Walker Building held the trump card by reason of its well equipped art gallery where the artist

tenant could display his work to the best possible advantage. Now, through the combined efforts of the artists who maintain permanent studios in the Copp building a sizable gallery is henceforth to be the chief feature of the place. Among the well known painters who occupy studios adjacent to the new gallery are William Swift Daniell, Hugo Poessner, Martin Jackson, and Wm. H. Cannon.

Headquarters of the Los Angeles Sketch Club and the Los Angeles Academy of Art are also located in this building. An interesting program is scheduled for the fall and winter season for this new gallery and it is the purpose of the unselfish painters who are promoting it to allow any worthy artist of the southwest to show his work in the gallery. Those who have been invited to contribute to the opening exhibition are Wm. Wendt, Jean Mannheim, Benj. C. Brown, Warren E. Rollins, Helena Dunlap, Wm. L. Judson, Hanson Puthuff, Ralph D. Miller, Frank Cuprien, Herbert W. Faulkner, Chas. A. Rogers, Hugo Poessner, E. A. Burbank, Martin Jackson, Florine Hyer, Granville Redmond and others. This notable collection will remain on display for a fortnight. The gallery entrance is through room number 424 and visitors are welcome from nine to five every day except Sunday.

This exhibit will be followed by a series of one-man shows lasting throughout the winter season. In the holidays a novel feature will be arranged in the form of an exhibition of works by the Indian painters of America. This unique display will bring together the canvases of all the important men in America who make a specialty of painting the red man. The following noted artists will be represented in this collection: E. A. Burbank, Frederick Remington, Gerald Cassidy, Warren E. Rollins, Bert Phillips, Irving Couze, John H. Sharp, Leon Megargee, Maynard Dixon, Frank Sauerwein, Fernand Lungren, and Allen Tupper True.

In studio No. 408 in the Copp Building a well selected collection of work by eastern and southwestern painters is now on public view. This room has for the last three months been serving as a temporary gallery while the new one is undergoing a slow evolution from an office suite to an art salon. The works to be seen at the present time are "End of Day" and "Cypress Point" by Granville Redmond, "At Laguna" and "Sand Dunes" by Martin Jackson, "Plums," "Apricots," "Study of Crow Indian," "Chief Geronimo," "Rug Weaving," "Pet Burro," and "Cats" by E. A. Burbank, "Grand Canal," "San Georgio," "Sunset, Venice," "Early Morning Lagoon," "On the Lagoon," "At Prayer," "Browning's Palace" and "Evening, Venice," by Herbert W. Faulkner, Chas. A. Rogers shows "Street in Chinatown," "Old Market," "San Juan Mission" and "The Cloister." Let all who can see this collection and also attend the opening of the new gallery.

Y. M. C. A. Summer Attractions

Hot weather has no terrors for the members of the Young Men's Christian Association, where the swimming pool attracts many who cannot go to the beach in the warm weather. The clear filtered water of the pool shows the tile lined bottom at a depth of nine feet, and many are exploring its realms



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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
July 11, 1913.

013250 Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Ruth A. See, widow of George F. See, deceased, of Cornell, California, who, on June 1, 1911, made homestead entry No. 013250, for E½ NE¼ Sec. 20, W½NW¼ Sec. 21, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 21st day of August, 1913, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.
Claimant names as witnesses: George Francis, Elmer M. Smashey, St. Elmo B. W. Wright, Charles M. Decker, all of Cornell, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

from the spring board and diving platform. Business men are particularly active in the gymnasium and the hand ball and tennis courts. The special rate of four months for five dollars to men and of four months for three dollars to boys, including all physical privileges, has proved a heavy drawing card. More than one hundred members have been registered this month. The opening of the automobile and other classes in the education department continues to bring hundreds of men and boys to the building daily.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
July 5, 1913.

Not coal lands 0016654
NOTICE is hereby given that Monroe J. Groshong, whose post-office address is Box 51, Owensmouth, California, did, on the 17th day of October, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application No. 016654, to purchase Lot 1, Section 27, Township 2 North, Range 17 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, at \$29.25, the stone estimated at \$29.25 and the land nil; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 23rd day of September, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
July 17, 1913.

013716 Not coal lands
NOTICE is hereby given that Cylurus W. Logan, of Box 356, Sawtelle, Cal., who, on August 17, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 013716, for W½NW¼ Sec. 22, E½ NE¼ Sec. 21, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five year (Soldiers' & Sailors' Act) proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 5th day of September, 1913, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Joseph Anker, of Santa Monica, Cal.; John Riley, of Sawtelle, Cal.; William D. Newell, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Charles Johnson, of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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Social & Personal

Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Workman, Jr. are closing their home, "Villa Workman," and will leave August 23 for Chicago, where they will remain indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright are rejoicing in the arrival of a little girl. Mrs. Wright was Miss Marie Eobrick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Alexander Eobrick. Mr. and Mrs. Eltinge Brown are also being felicitated upon the arrival of a newcomer, a little son. Mrs. Brown was Miss Clarisse Stevens, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otheman Stevens. Mr. Brown and Mr. Wright are fraternity brothers and Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Brown have been members of the same little coterie for several years.

Mr. Irving Hall Mayfield, U. S. N., and Mrs. Mayfield are the guests of the latter's father, Mr. Sheldon Borden, at his home, 2328 South Hope street.

Mrs. William E. Ramsay of Western avenue is enjoying a visit from her son, Mr. Herbert Hartley Ramsay of New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Watkins Campbell have returned from their wedding trip and are the guest of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philo J. Beveridge of Hollywood.

Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt and her daughter, Miss Louise Hunt are at home again at 2645 Severance street after a stay at Catalina.

In honor of her mother, Mrs. J. Moss Terry of Louisville, Ky., who is her house guest, and also in compliment to Mrs. Guy Culver Smith who is visiting here, Mrs. Kenneth Preuss entertained yesterday afternoon with a delightful tea party. Floral decorations made a fragrant bower of the Preuss home on West First street, and the hostess was assisted in receiving by Mrs. West Hughes, Mrs. J. W. Hendrick, Mrs. Mathew S. Robertson, Mrs. B. W. Lee, Mrs. G. Wiley Wells, and Mrs. Thomas Jarvis; and the Misses Mildred Burnett, Florence Wood, Elizabeth Wood, Mollie Adelia Brown and Evangeline Gray.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Jewett Schweppe have returned from a stay at Arrowhead, where they joined Mrs. Schweppe's mother and sister, Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys and Miss Kate Van Nuys.

Miss Lucile Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark, has chosen Tuesday, November 4 as the date of her marriage to Mr. Houghton Metcalf of Providence, Rhode Island. The service is to take place at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Trippet of 943 South Hope and their sons, have returned from their annual visit to North Dakota, and are now at Hermosa Beach.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Irving Hall Mayfield (Miss Juliet Borden), who have been the guests of Mrs. Mayfield's father, Mr. Sheldon Borden, are now staying with Mr. and Mrs. Roy King of Harvard boulevard. Mr. Borden has leased the family home and with Mrs. Mayfield's grandmother, will establish himself in a bungalow in St. Andrews' place.

Mr. and Mrs. William W. Mines and Miss Pauline Vollmer have returned from a stay in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Simpson have taken apartments at the Bryson.

In honor of Miss Alice Groff, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Lewis A. Groff,

whose marriage to Woodford Davisson is to be celebrated the latter part of this month, Mrs. Joseph H. Black and Mrs. J. H. Davisson entertained Monday afternoon with a tea at the Alexandria.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. McFarland are at home again in Ellendale place after a trip abroad.

At Hotel del Coronado

Los Angelans registered at the hotel are Mr. and Mrs. Charles I. Houghton, Dr. and Mrs. G. A. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Wade, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Studebaker, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Bent, Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Jenkinson, Mrs. A. H. Runge, Mrs. William Kimball, Mrs. V. L. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Davis, Mr. Charles Sheedy, Miss Mary L. Sheedy and Mr. W. P. Murphy.

Notes From Bookland

Hall Caine's new novel, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," will be published in a few days. The puffs preliminary which heralded Caine's recent novels are less in evidence on this occasion, showing that both author and editors have been influenced beneficially by criticism. When the psychological hour arrives, however, there is little doubt that Caine will find a way to vent his megalomania in service of "the longest and most powerful novel" he has written. The statement is made that it will be published simultaneously in fifteen languages. Figures, too, are published, showing "somewhat the extent of this author's unique popularity." "The Eternal City," 702,212 copies; "The Christian," 643,228; "The Bondman," 458,427; "The Manxman," 397,996; "The Prodigal Son," 368,225, and so on. What a pity it is that figures prove nothing.

Houghton Mifflin Company has a long list of fall books, among them being "Otherwise Phyllis," by Meredith Nicholson, author of "The Hoosier Chronicle;" "Happy-Go-Lucky," by Ian Hal; "The Hand of Petrarch and Other Stories," by T. Russell Sullivan; "Simpson," by Elinor Mordaunt; "The Spare Room," by Mrs. Romilly Fedden; "November Joe," by Hesketh Pritchard; "The Life of Lyman Trumbull," by Horace White; "William Ernest Henley," by Cope Cornford; "Wonderful Escapes by Americans," by William Stone Booth, and "Midshipman Days," by Roger West.

Among the fall books of G. P. Putnam's Sons is "Happy Women," one of Myrtle Reed's two autumn offerings. The author has selected for her subject a dozen or more representatives of the sex, including Dolly Madison, Queen Louise, Dorothy Wordsworth, Caroline Herschel, Elizabeth Browning, Charlotte Cushman, Lucretia Mott, Florence Nightingale, Sister Dora, Jenny Lind, and Louisa Alcott, whose memories brought the beauty of their lives, the nobility of their character, and the greatness of their service are most cherished today. The same house is publishing "Waterspring," a pretty romance by Arthur C. Benson, who wrote "The Upton Letters," "The Silent Isle," "Along the Road," and "The Joyous Gard." Cambridge University furnishes the background of the story.

F. Laurent Godinezm, an illuminating engineer, has written "The Lighting Book," to correct the unscientific and eye-impairing methods of house illumination, which generally prevail. McBride, Nast & Co. will publish the book this fall.

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"Any Night," a Gotham Tragedy

"Any Night," the little play produced at the Princess Theater, is one of those terrible arraignments of society that burn their poignant way to the depths of the soul. I call it a little play because it is short. But it is big in a terrible sense, for it is big with the hurt that society permits to be inflicted upon its unprotected ones, and with the hurt that it carries to the hearts of those who understand. It makes me think of the song "Aus Meinen Grossen Schmerzen." It is a single page, a quatrain set to music, but it carries its message and its hurt. Some one asked Franz once if he had done anything big. He pointed to the page and said "I have done that." The playlet is one act in three scenes. Time: any winter night. Place: any large city. The first scene shows the street and the front of a Raines Law hotel. There is a light above the door and a bell that one must ring to be admitted. A young man loiters in the street as though he expected someone. Now he looks at his watch, now he moves rapidly away to avoid attracting the attention of a policeman who wanders by. A street walker approaches. She is a delicate little thing with pale cheeks, racked with a cough. The policeman steps out from the shadow. He has missed her from the street and he gets her story when he sees her ill. She has been in a hospital. The doctor says she is a "lunger" and that she must keep off the streets at night. But how can she keep off the streets at night? There is room rent that must be paid and there is food that must be bought and there is the mother at home ill and the little sisters who must have the chance that has been denied her. How can she stay off the streets? The policeman takes out his pocket book, but she waves it aside. She needs too much money. She must get to work.

She has hardly disappeared when the young man returns impatiently. This time he has not long to wait. A slender little thing comes toward him trusting. She has managed to escape the watchful eye of her father and has come, not to do the bidding of her lover, but to tell him that this thing he is asking of her is wrong. She puts her arms about his neck. The friendly policeman warns the man to take care of his money and his watch. A second later her trust is betrayed. The man rings the bell. A sleepy porter opens the door and they disappear within. Again appears the street walker, this time with a drunken man in tow. She has separated him from card sharps and means to take him to the hotel. He is obstinate but the policeman rings the bell and for the sake of Mary pushes him in. She follows. The next scene shows the hotel office. The clerk and the porter are yawning the night hours away. The bell rings. The porter goes down the steps, opens the door and admits the young man and the young girl. It is all very sordid. The man secures a room, signs John Jones and wife and takes the shrinking girl within. A moment later the bell rings again. This time the street walker and her drunken old man are admitted. He manages to get up the stairs with the porter's assistance and with the girl's help signs Mary Smith and husband. This is a great joke to the drunken man and it takes the combined force of the porter and clerk to make him forget the joke and go through the door to his room. The next scene shows the inside of the room. He lies across the bed asleep. The street walker sits on the opposite side of the room. The night is unbearably long and she has made no money as yet. She lights a cigarette, but she smokes only a few puffs, for it brings the racking cough upon her. She goes to the telephone

and asks the time. It is half past two. She wakes the man on the bed. He asks where he is and what has happened. She tells him that he is in a Raines Law hotel, that she brought him there after she took him away from the card men.

* * *

He is broken with humiliation, for he is not accustomed to such escapades. He asks her about herself, and learns why she can not make as much money as she needs honestly. He asks if he has given her any. Yes, a hundred dollars, but he was drunk at the time and she returned it to his pocket. She may be a street walker but she is not a crook. He tells her that now he is in his right mind he wants her to take the money. She refuses at first but he persuades her to take it in the name of his daughter whom he feels he has disgraced. A moment later the girl hears a sound. She looks out of the window. She sees firemen, and the fire-fighting apparatus in the street below. People across the way are looking at the hotel. And she realizes that the hotel is on fire. Smoke rushes in. She calls for help but is not heard. She rushes toward the stairway but escape is cut off. She arouses the old man to a sense of danger, but before he can move the young man followed by the girl rushes in. He dashes toward the window praying to be saved. He has forgotten the girl. The firemen burst into the room. They push him aside and take the street walker through the window to safety. Again they come and take the young man. They call to know if any one else is in the room, but father and daughter hidden by the smoke stand ashamed in each other's arms waiting for the purging flames. The wonder of this little piece is the simplicity with which it has been written, staged and acted. There is no melodramatic touch even when the flames come in. There is very little dialogue. The facts speak for themselves in all their sordidness. And one more indictment is registered against the Raines Law hotel.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, Aug. 11, 1913.

Oddities of the Russian Ballet

"Howjeedo" has given place in London to "I say, have you seen the Russian ballet?" for if the London dramatic season has been most disappointing in its lack of novelties, the Russians have done their best to give us topics for the tea table. Not that the Russian ballet is new to London. They have delighted with their "Scheherazade," "Les Sulphides" and "Carnivaa!" several seasons previous to this one, I believe. But it is not their usual beautiful ballet, in which these Russians excel, that is causing the discussion. (We on the coast have enjoyed this form from Pablowva.) But it is what we might call post impressionistic ballet that has divided playgoers into parties almost as antagonistic as "ists" and "antists."

I hesitate to try to describe these new productions, for I must confess the impression made upon me was bewildering. I have not yet found myself in regard to this post impressionism. Color, certainly, and plenty of it, but creating a confusion rather than exquisite pleasure, as is given in their older, more conventional producing. Red trees, houses growing from impossible mountain sides, and queer figures doing something quite unheard of, and not at all resembling dancing.

If you have read any of the post-impressionistic literature, you will quite understand what I mean. It is absolutely incoherent, perfectly unintelligible with words strung together without rhyme or reason, leaving you with a feeling that you are quite insane but that, possibly, the writer had a faint gleam of intelligence. (No, hardly intelligence, let us say, emotion.) And yet the strange part is that with the ballet, as with the literature, I have a feeling that the fault is in

me,—that the creators are artists.

As to the two differing opinions, Gordon Craig says: "Nature has a rhythm. The Russian ballet knows nothing of that rhythm. It is charming—perfectly, deliciously, intoxicatingly charming, but its charm is artificial, and art's great claim to distinction is that it approaches nearer to nature than anything else can do. And we insult all the masters of old, and those who today are striving to learn a few of the myriad secrets of nature, when we rave frantically over what the Russian ballet has to offer us."

The London Times says in an article defending the ballet: "Hitherto, the arts have promised more than they could possibly perform. Now they shall promise nothing, and so perform at least more than they promise. It is natural, perhaps, that the public should resent this as a kind of discourtesy. The artist who makes no professions seems to them lacking in respect, and they are inclined to hoot him as a charlatan. But there are few artists who wish to be hooted, and the real charlatan usually flatters his public. Whatever may be said against all post-impressionists in all arts, they are not flatterers."

Certainly, M. Nijinsky and Bakst are artists with courage. To introduce a new art form into the theater, deserves respect in these days of commercialism. Besides, there are those who see in this the birth of a new beauty.

WILLAMENE WILKES.

London, July 26, 1913.

Included among the new Macmillan books are "My Life Among the Eskimos," by Vilhjalmar Stefansson, an account of the famous explorer's adventures in the Arctic Circle, and "A Kingdom of Two," by Helen R. Albee, which blends sentiment and a pleasing vein of philosophical reflection with practical information for the homemaker and the gardener.

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ACCIDENTS UNNECESSARY

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle — better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.



Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

Through skill of dramaturgy and a deft knowledge of the desires and emotions of the public; a knack of appealing to the great majority with time-worn arguments given a new guise so that the unthinking portion will believe it is acquiring culture by a "get-rich-quick" method, A. gustus Thomas has created a big success in his drama, "As a Man Thinks," which John Mason is presenting at the Majestic theater this week. It is not a success viewed from the point of giving the world a new light in the best way; but it is a popular triumph, which means a widening niche in the temporary hall of fame and a box office that jingles with the sound of ducats. The play is interesting, because the playwright has set it in so many facets that the appeal is almost universal. To the Jew his dignified handling of the Semitic situation will be poignant and a new phase will be given the prejudiced Gentile; the text-book arguments which the playwright employs as psychology and philosophic will enthrall those culturines of the clubs and study circles who are caught by the sonorous swing of the terms and have but vague insight into the vast vista they open; the discussion of the double standard of morality for the sexes will attract the women who are so strongly rebelling against this world-enduring situation.

But Mr. Thomas has not said a new thing in the entire play. He has made his principal character talk like a lecturer rather than as the physician who has a mighty sympathy for all mankind; and on several occasions forces the character to deliver an oratorical outburst that grows wearisome. The double standard is given no new light; the problem is not solved even to the playwright's own satisfaction; and the situation in which the father is forced to question whether or not he is really the begetter of his son has been so powerfully handled by Strindberg that Mr. Thomas' effect seems nebulous and at times rather absurd. The whole effect of the play is mosaic; with no one of its several themes treated with sufficient power to make it really enduring, even though it has a great interest of a superficial nature.

Naturally, a man of John Mason's histrionic resources would be interesting in the part of Doctor Seelig, the Jew. Mason paints with big strokes; his picture of the doctor is virile and compelling; yet it lacks sensitiveness—the spiritual. He is a doctor of men's bodies and of their minds, but not of men's souls. As a piece of well rounded acting it is convincing; as a character study it is a disappointment. Julia Herne, in a difficult role, does not lend depth to the character of a woman hopelessly adrift in the maelstrom of her own emotions. It is a superficial rendition. A charming creation is the gracious Mrs. Seelig of Grace Reals, while Jane Salisbury is girlishly appealing, without any striking high lights, as the doctor's daughter. The Benjamin de Lota of Lyster Chambers is so cleverly done that it is repellent; and John Flood does capital work as Frank Clayton. There are smaller parts meritoriously performed, particularly the Judge Hoover of George Gaston.

Novelties at the Orpheum

Red-haired girls are seldom commonplace, and red-haired actresses are always creatures of temperament.

Therefore, when Irene Franklin first steps on to the Orpheum stage the Orpheum sits up and takes notice of her flaming locks. Afterward it surrenders to her personality, for Miss Franklin, without any marvelous quality of voice, can sing a song until she offers a vivid character study of various types. Her "Girl from Childs" threatens to be a riot; her "Bringin' Up the Family" is given with a fine distinction between the mawkish and the pathetic and her other songs all have an individual lure to them. Her accompanist, Burt Green, probably is a good pianist—at least his accompaniments were acceptable, but the effect of his solo work was made weird by an orchestral accompaniment that lagged about three beats in the rear. Pat Rooney and Marion Bent are always favorites here, particularly the agile Pat in his dancing stunts. The only strength to be found in the sketch, "A Strong Cup of Tea," is in the name, for the playlet itself is about as attractive as an offering by the amateur players of a girls' boarding school. Edgar Berger is an artist in contortion tricks, but that sort of thing does not have a great appeal to the majority. Fred Watson is handicapped by the fact that his partner's illness makes it necessary for him to go on alone, but he gets over fairly well. Theodore Bendix and his players give an excellent musical program, Moran and Wister continue their clever hat-throwing, and Willard Mack and Marjorie Rambeau remain over in their "Kick In" sketch.

Offerings for Next Week

Sunday afternoon Henry Kolker and the Morosco Producing Company will be seen in the first production on any stage of "6 Washington Square," a new comedy by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. It might be described as a "crook" comedy, since it has much to do with "crooks" and detectives. It is said to be full of comedy surprises. Henry Kolker, who has become a firm favorite with Morosco audiences, will be seen to exceptional advantage in the new play, in the chief role of John Livingston, while Frances Ring will enjoy rare opportunities in the part of Mabel Mortimer. This new comedy will also mark the return of Harrison Hunter, who has been absent from the cast of "Our Wives." Charles Ruggles, Thomas Meighan, Grace Valentine, Beatrice Nichols, Helene Sullivan, Howard Scott and other Moroscoites will be seen in supporting roles which allow them opportunity for their individual talents.

"Madame Sherry" continues to crowd the Burbank theater at every performance, and Saturday night will have completed one solid month at the Main street playhouse and broken every previous attendance record in the history of the house. Already more than fifty thousand people have viewed this performance, and from the brisk demand for seats and the long line of ticket buyers at the box office, it is evident that the demand for this musical comedy will keep it on the boards at the Burbank for several weeks to come. Sunday afternoon marks the opening of the fifth week of this great success. The cast remains unchanged with the exception of the role of Theophilus Sherry, which James Darling has had to give up because of his return to the east. There has been a new song number added, Oliver Morosco's latest composition, "My Wonder-

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ful Dream Girl," which Selma Paley, in her character of Yvonne, has already made a triumph. It has a novel setting and has proved one of the successes of the offering.

We have trained animals of all description in vaudeville, but it is seldom that an elephant act comes, particularly as a headliner, but beginning Monday afternoon Miss Orford's three performers, two huge older animals and a "baby" elephant, have a variety of tricks, in addition to which they enact a little playlet of family life. The act concludes with the rescue of Miss Orford from the upper window of a burning house. Taylor Holmes, former star of "The Million," is new as a monologueist, but his discourse is said to sparkle with comedy, particularly his speech before a deaf and dumb audience. Lamberti, master musician, displays his musical talents in various make-ups portraying different composers, playing their favorite melodies and reproducing their mannerisms and peculiarities. Angela Keir and her company will present a dramatic playlet, "Sentence Suspended." The little drama is from the pen of her brother, William C. Keir, a New York attorney, who played a part in the real life episode on which it is founded. Four agile and comely young women and two nimble young men make up the Rose Valerio Sextette, who use a taut wire as though it were a floor space. Brent Hayes is an artist on the banjo, his selections including compositions of the masters as well as the beloved plantation numbers. Remaining from last week are Irene Franklin, who has made such a big hit, and Pat Rooney and Marion Bent. There will be new motion views and the symphony program.

"The Book of Bayeux Tapestry" is the latest book by Hilaire Belloc, novelist, poet, critic, nonsensifier, historian, biographer, pamphleteer, etc. It was G. K. Chesterton who once wrote:

Mr. Hilaire Belloc

Is a case for legislation ad hoc.

He seems to think that nobody minds His books being all of different kinds.

Professor Brandes, the Danish critic, will visit London next November to deliver a series of lectures on European literature at various universities and literary societies in the country. Among the subjects will be "Shakespeare," "Nietzsche," "Voltaire," "Rousseau," "Hans Anderson," "Hamlet" and "Othello."

Three Books by the Editor

PAUL TRAVERS' ADVENTURES

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By Samuel Travers Clover

The first tells how an ambitious youth made his way around the world in order better to prepare himself for newspaper work. The second shows how Paul succeeded as a reporter, and the big assignments he covered. He was the last white man to see Sitting Bull, and the only reporter, from start to finish, in the last vigilance party this country is likely to see. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. The third book is a collection of pen sketches, giving a whimsical point of view of generally unnoted data in the more pretentious books of travel. For sale by

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 NOTICE is hereby given that John Riley, of Sawtelle, Cal., who, on August 1, 1911, made Homestead entry No. 012283, for E $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, E $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 22, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 26th day of August, 1913, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Cylurus W. Logan, of Sawtelle, Cal.; Charles Johnson, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Joseph Anker, of Santa Monica, Cal.; William D. Newell, of Los Angeles, Cal.
 FRANK BUREN, Register.

Pioneering in Arizona

BY THOS. L. SHULTZ

XVIII

Grand canyon, natural bridge, petrified forests, cliff dwellings and Montezuma's well are Arizona's five natural curiosities, barring, of course, the cliff dwellings which are the work of a prehistoric race—the other four features are of nature's creation and in the writer's opinion as to their importance, they should rank in the order in which they are given here. But the great Santa Fe system in its advertising practically eliminates the natural bridge and Montezuma's well and gives the space to the petrified forests and cliff dwellings, which are in no sense a rival in scenic grandeur and nature's stupendous architecture with the former. As the bridge is located about sixty-five miles from Flagstaff, the nearest point on the Santa Fe, probably is the reason why the railroad people have never catalogued it as one of their western attractions. It is about eight miles below and south of a settlement known as Pine on a creek of the same name and empties into the east Fork of the Verde river a few miles west of North Peak. The bridge's elevation at the south end, being at that point probably more than two hundred feet high, while at the upper or north end it is probably not more than one hundred feet. The distance between the two openings is about 1000 feet and an average width of 100 feet. These dimensions are approximated from memory dating back more than seventeen years, when the writer enjoyed three days inspecting this great creation of nature.

Before the Indians were moved on to the reservations their chief weapon was the bow and arrow, and so armed, they caused the pioneer to worry but little. As an illustration, just to show how little a pioneer cared for a bunch of Indians so equipped was the acquirement of the natural bridge by Isaac Gunn. In the closing years of the 60's Gunn appeared on the scene of his present possessions, but found the beautiful little valley of less than 160 acres occupied by a "rancherie" of Apaches ruled by an old sub-chief of the tribe. Gunn began "snooping" around and it was not long before the Indians became aware of his presence when they at once quit the flat and took to the caverns underneath, which were reached from the canyon that skirted its west side. Besides his name, Gunn was in possession of the regulation arms of the time and there was nothing in the way of a shooting iron in the enemy's whole outfit. Every once in a while Gunn would fire his rifle to terrorize the Indians and so quiet and monotony were the surroundings (it is said, he stated years after) that he dreaded the report of his rifle more than he did the presence of the savages. They having sought refuge in the caves, Gunn explored everything on top, being careful to keep clear of all places where he might be ambushed.

It was several days after their disappearance before Gunn found out the hiding place of his distrustful neighbors. It was on an afternoon when he was looking over the country to the west of his new possessions: he was sitting on the hillside looking down on the little valley and for the first time he noticed the hundred or more openings in the side of the canyon wall that were entrances to a system of caverns great in extent but of which he knew nothing at the time. Slowly working his way down the mountain side until he was on a level and opposite the ap-

ertures, he was startled by hearing the whacking noise made by the striking of one rock against another and at once arrived at the conclusion that he had again found his neighbors. Stealthily edging his way around into such a position as to acquire a good view whence the continual "knocking" sound came, he discovered a squaw seated on a rock which jutted out in front of one of the many openings, engaged in pounding up what was evidently intended for food. Gunn was fairly familiar with Apache language so he called to the squaw. To his surprise the woman was not alarmed and kept steadily at her work. Among the several questions he propounded to her was the request for the chief to come out for a talk.

Apparently, having completed her task she scraped the meat or roots into a basket and retired into the cavern, deigning not a word in reply to his conversation. For some time Gunn sat quietly ruminating over the indifference shown by the squaw, when the turbaned head of an Indian appeared from another opening at a distance and the gruff voice of the chief asking Gunn what he was doing there and what it was he wanted. In answer Gunn replied that he was both hunter and trapper, and frequently Indians, especially Apaches, were good game for him; that in his wanderings in search for beaver he had found the beautiful little valley and decided to make him a home there. Whether true or not, it is related by the nephew of the old pioneer, that Gunn offered the old savage quite a sum of money peacefully to relinquish the place and depart, but was bluntly refused. Not being able to get the "reds" out peacefully, Gunn finally resorted to drastic measures. He notified the chief that on the following day he and all his followers were to be back in their old camp in the little valley above them and on the day following the Indians were to move bag and baggage out of the immediate vicinity, and forever stay "moved;" that if he did not comply with these orders, then upon the rising of the "second sun" he, Gunn, would open hostilities and would not desist until he had exterminated the whole "outfit." This did the business. The wily old chief recognized the ultimatum. The bows and arrows of his half dozen warriors were not equal to one rifle in the hands of a brave man. Therefore, he did not require the second day to make his escape but all were on top early the following morning, rounded up their ponies and within a few hours departed over the trail to the north and true to their word never returned.

In the 80's, Gunn had a married nephew living in Scotland, who with his wife and several children came to Arizona and took charge of the place as visitors were increasing with the passing of each year. In 1896, the ranch afforded a country house that would amply accommodate a dozen guests. Small orchard and vineyard and twenty acres in alfalfa with garden truck galore, made a model little farm. There was also an apiary, dairy and poultry yard and away off there in the wilderness practically sixty miles from civilization you could have a dinner for the sum of twenty-five cents which would not be duplicated in the United States for one dollar. The register, at the time of my visit, contained names of persons from every portion of the Union and many from Europe, among whom were artists who had tried to reproduce this great piece of nature's architecture on canvas, and invariably met with dismal failure. In the forenoon even on clear days the chasm under the bridge is almost dark, but as the sun reaches the meridian

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the south entrance begins to lighten and at about 5 p. m. its rays extend through the greater part of the way. It is about the noon hour that artists as a rule essay to sketch this mammoth cavern. But with the entrance of the sun, like a moving picture the advancing rays every minute withdraw a shadow here, throwing another one there, thus gradually opening up a panorama of such mammoth proportions, of colorings, of shades drifting into dark shadows, that the artist throws down his pencil and drinks in the view.

Just above the bridge one leaves the creek bottom and climbs up the cliff to within twenty feet of the surface where you are at the entrance of the caves. A guide always accompanies visitors through these rooms and halls of which there are sufficient to occupy the attention of anyone who appreciates the like, for several days. In several of the caves, stalactites, resembling immense icicles, hang from the roofs. In many instances this formation comes to the floor of the caverns and as it is white and smooth, visitors never fail to write their names and addresses, and at times a few lines of verse in a convenient place upon the same. So here, hid from the light of day in the center of Apache land, is stowed away one of nature's registers containing now many hundreds of names, which will no doubt grow to thousands with the increasing years.

I cannot close this story without relating an incident which happened to the discoverer of the natural bridge soon after he had acquired possession of it. Several days after the Indians had vanished Gunn decided that he would explore the scene of their late abode. Repairing to one of the openings he entered and proceeded to explore. He was supplied with a block or box of matches and a piece of char-

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coal and as he advanced in the darkness he would strike a match, go forward as long as it permitted when a cross would be made on the wall or a stalactite with the charcoal, thereby "staking out a trail" for his return. After having passed some time exploring in which he had traveled quite a distance, in attempting to strike a match he accidentally dropped the bunch and in feeling for them in the darkness he struck them with his hand, knocking them into a crevice so that they were gone forever, leaving him in utter darkness. The old gentleman said that by hunger and thirst test, he imagines that he must have been confined in the caverns fully forty-eight hours, and that he had given up all hopes of ever finding his way out when suddenly he came in sight of day light which he declared was the happiest moment he ever experienced.

Books

When two affinitive souls meet on "the road of living men" and determine to join their lives and fortunes in marriage let them separate for a year or so, faring forth alone to meditate upon the meaning of life together and each to accomplish a worthy task in preparation for the great blessings of perfect and abiding love in that sacrament. "Go search for a flower of pure spirit, that takes root amid loving and dreaming and waiting." This seems to be the burden of Will Levington Comfort's latest book, "The Road of Living Men." Thomas Ryerson, the hero, recognizing in Mary Romany the mysterious attraction of "the one woman in the world for him,"—even amid the clash of arms in an uprising in the interior of China whither he has gone pursuing a fancy,—returns to America to court the angel of his dreams; and then away to make the test in a remote spot in South America through thrilling dangers and wild adventure.

There is the same tincture of mysticism and strange cults that pervades all of Comfort's productions; and again the world is the scene of action for his characters. Wandering from Oporto, Portugal, to Hong Kong, "house of many nations," and into the interior of China, there to view "a people fresh from the mint of time," to Covent, Long Island, Philadelphia, and with magnificent indifference to great distances which necessitates that all Comfort's principal characters be rich and dilettant, on to "Lost Valley" in the Andean mountain country where the Incas worked wonders in a former age. It is a strange and rather bewildering mixture, but fascinating. Comfort's descriptions of places and attempts at expressing vague, ineffable emotions and thoughts too big for utterances are the chiefest charm of his books. It is the ideal each wishes to hear yet which is so hard of understanding and of application.

This "pure romance" is interesting also in that it describes a conception of ideal love. So perfect is the understanding and accord between Ryerson and Mary Romany that reincarnation, a struggle worked out in former lives, seems the only explanation possible. Ryerson feels the urge, without sensing it, to follow her in her wanderings about the world, and when the time of revelation comes each recognizes the other. "A woman loves one, pointedly, with her whole nature," and so it is there is no shame in Mary Romany's complete and perfect surrender. It is the love that can say in the dark and remote places of earth "if we are not safe together here—we are not there, nor anywhere—and that no offices of another—no pronouncement of a third—can make us safe together." Which is true, but grievously out of fashion. The spiritual quality of Comfort's love conceptions are beyond the comprehension of most of his readers, or if comprehended, deemed impossible.

Strangely enough, in this love story there is less of analysis of the heart of woman than in any of the author's former books. In "Routledge Rides Alone," his first novel and perhaps his most successful; in "Fate Knocks at the Door" and "She Buildeth Her House" he has dissected the heart of woman in marvelous fashion, but always in struggle and growing pains. Mary Romany is therefore, not nearly so interesting. She is a man's woman—a mirror, a lesser man. As might be

expected there is a universal brother-ideal expressed in the portrayal of Yuan Kang Su so ideal as to be in the clouds:

His culture was hardly in the conception of the western world. Something of all matters he had learned—from the depths to the skies, and he struggled, as all thinking men have done in all times, to establish connection between his soul and Beyond.

His is a soul, not of a Chinaman, or any race; and when Jane Forbes, the woman, comes love knows no nationality. But to race prejudice is sacrificed this ideal love. There is a broadness of vision, a greatness of ideals expressed in Comfort's books that it is probable the writer himself does not altogether comprehend, or reach. Of these "The Road of Living Men" is nearest earth. ("The Road of Living Men." By Will Levington Comfort. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

"The Lady and the Pirate"

If the publishers were to have issued Emerson Hough's latest book, "The Lady and the Pirate," without the author's name attached and then have opened a guessing contest as to its creator, his would probably be the last identity associated with the novel, for it is as utterly different from his usual field of endeavor as imagination can conceive. It would seem that Mr. Hough has found a new philosophy that has affected his writings. This latest tale is a fanciful whim, improbable and highly colored with the rosy glow of romance, but it is pleasant entertainment, and the views of life as expressed by its piratical hero, who kidnaps the lady of his heart's desire and persuades her to marry him, are interesting because of their human quality. In fact, one rather suspects Mr. Hough of offering his philosophical trend in the guise of a popular novel, which is perhaps the best way to reach the public. ("The Lady and the Pirate." By Emerson Hough. Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

Magazines of the Month

Harper's Magazine for August has one especially good short story in the form of "The Imperturbable Duchess," by J. D. Beresford. Other fiction offerings are Cora Harris' humorous tale, "On the Instalment Plan," "The Iron Star," by Perceval Gibbon, "The Heir of Fame," by Herman Scheffauer, "Big Sister Solly," by Mary E. Williams Freeman, "Alma Does for Herself," by Anne Uelan Taylor, and "Youth's Cross Roads," by Avery Abbott. Harrison Rhodes writes of "Carlsbad the Cosmopolitan," "On the Banks of the Jordan" is by Stephen Graham, A. Maurice Low gives his opinion of "What Makes a Story Great," and Benjamin Lossing discusses the battle of Lake Erie. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel, "The Coryston Family," is continued, and W. D. Howells remarks have their usual interest.

Notes From Bookland

Everybody knows by this time that the Glenriddell manuscripts, lately sold at Sotheby's in London for more than \$25,000, and of which Henry E. Huntington is believed to be the purchaser, comprise valuable relics of Robert Burns. Since the sale a great row has been made in London about it, though it would have been more commendable to raise objections to the sale of such treasures, if anybody really wanted to keep them in Great Britain beforehand. The manuscripts were in the possession of the Liverpool Athenaeum, where

they were placed more than a century ago by Mrs. Currie, widow of the first biographer and editor of the Scotch poet. Lord Rosebery and the Burns Club have, it seems, delayed their protest against the sale until too late a day. The purchaser certainly bought the manuscripts, poems, and letters in an open market, and in good faith. The Liverpool Athenaeum certainly has a legal right to dispose of such of its treasures as it does not desire to keep, though its moral right to do so, in this case, may be questionable. There is a report in London that the manuscripts never belonged to Dr. Currie, that they were merely lent to him while he was writing his "Life of Burns," and he never returned them. But in a whole century nobody has disputed the right of Currie's widow to give them to the Liverpool institution, and the claim that they belong properly to the direct heirs of Burns is made rather late in the day. Miss Annie Burns of Chelton Hall, who, however, has taken no part in the controversy, is the surviving heir. The protest may be perfectly sincere and, doubtless, if the American purchaser is convinced that he has no moral right to the manuscripts he will return them; but whenever an American buys any artistic or literary treasure in Great Britain the same sort of an outcry is heard, and it frequently seems suspicious. Certainly this incident will not deter any American of wealth from seeking high-priced treasures in the London auction rooms.

An English translator (Frances Douglas) of Ibanez' "Blood and Sand," which was published by A. C. McClurg & Co. a year ago under the title "The Blood of the Arena," and accorded high praise in these columns, moves an English reviewer to the warmest commendation. "It is really," he writes, "a serious reflection on the incurious indifference of the English public that Ibanez' masterly picture of the life of modern Spain should be turned away from our publishers' doors while their counters are choked with editions of vapid, sentimental or sensational stories. For Ibanez is a master whose profound knowledge of men and manners is evidenced by the sweeping breadth of his pictures and their wealth of intimate detail. He paints with the freshness, ease and rapidity of a creative genius whose fecundity springs from an ever-flowing sympathy with human feeling and an insatiable curiosity about life. Moreover, to a northern eye, Ibanez' pictures are particularly grateful by reason of their clear, strong color and broadly handled masses of light and shade. In them there is nothing niggling or petty in stroke, or misty or watery in hue, qualities which make so much of northern art seem so tame and indecisive by the side of good examples of southern rich and ardent vitality. In short, the glowing warmth and supple outlines of Ibanez' scenes are as natural a corrective to our English literary stiffness and colorlessness as a generous southern vintage is to the stomach in our cold, leaden climate, and it is proof of our insular narrowness that translations of the Spanish master's works should have to go begging for years the length of Paternoster Row."

Particularly appropriate at the present moment is "The Monroe Doctrine, an Obsolete Shibboleth," by Assistant Prof. Hiram Bingham of Yale University, which will be published by the Yale University Press in the fall. Prof. Bingham makes a plea for a new point of view on the part of the American people and their statesmen toward the South American republics, taking the ground that the Monroe doctrine has been entirely outgrown; that it irritates and offends the Latin American peoples; that it is steadily involving the United States in misunderstandings with European nations, and that it must eventually lead us into serious complications. Continuing, he shows how the Monroe Doctrine has changed in its practical application, reviewing

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RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOREST.

List 5-1698.

NOTICE is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 27 acres, within the Angeles National Forest, California, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat., 233), at the United States land office at Los Angeles, California, on August 30, 1913. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to August 30, 1913, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The lands are within Sec. 15, T. 2 N., R. 8 W., S. B. M., described by metes and bounds as follows: Beginning at corner No. 1, a granite rock H-1, whence the Forest Service Monument on the east bank of Dry Gulch as indicated on the San Antonio Quadrangle of the Topographical survey, bears N. 54° 45' E. 7.29 chains; extending thence S. 55° W. 17.98 chains; thence S. 24° W. 13.83 chains; thence N. 16° W. 7.81 chains; thence S. 41° W. 6.50 chains; thence N. 47° 15' W. 5 chains; thence N. 35° 30' E. 16.20 chains; thence N. 68° E. 19.90 chains; thence S. 36° E. 4.81 chains to the place of beginning. Said tract was listed upon the application of Jake W. Widman, care of Weber's Camp, San Dimas, California; List 5-1698. Approved June 17, 1913. S. V. PROUDFIT, Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office.

the many cases of intervention on the part of the United States in South American affairs, and concluding with a strong argument for an "entirely different mental attitude on the one hand

and for cooperation rather than the big stick on the other." Prof. Bingham would have the United States keep out of South American affairs, except on invitation, and then "by joining with the other great American republics rather than private enterprise." The ideas presented in the book are a development of the Professor's lectures to his Yale classes in the last few years, and of an article under the same title which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly for June.

Rosa Mayreder, a name just becoming known to English and American readers, is a distinguished German feminist. A translation of her book, "A Survey of the Woman Problem" is being published by George H. Doran & Co. this fall. The publisher submits the following sentences as a foretaste: "Those who make themselves independent of the normal conditions of womanhood do not thereby annul them." "What adult person really cares to be considered as the product of the training he has received?" "To the world of ladyhood the natural becomes the improper." "The gentlewoman never was and never could be a free personality." "The young girl has come to be a hindrance and a danger for the mental life of the nation, so far, at least, as real literature is concerned." "Woman should be loth to enact the part of the fair sex."

Among the volumes of fiction to be issued by the Lippincott's this fall are "The Unafraid," by Eleanor M. Ingram; "Diana Ardway," by Van Zo Post; "The Curious Lore of Precious Stones," by George Frederick Kunz, A. M., Ph. D., D. Sc.; "Lady Laughter," by Ralph Henry Barbour; "Old Italian Lace," by Elisa Ricci; "French Color Prints of the Seventeenth Century," by Malcolm C. Saldman; "The Drama of Today," by Charlton Andrews; "The Book of the Epic," by H. A. Gruber; "Handy Book of Curious Information," by William S. Walsh; "A Rose of Old Quebec," by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton; "Thorley Weir," by E. F. Benson; "The Streak," by David Potter; "Ruth Anne," by Rose Cullen Bryant, niece of the American poet; "Messmates," by Prof. William O. Stevens of the United States Naval Academy; "On the Plains with Custer," by Edwin L. Sabin, and "Your Child, Today and Tomorrow," by Sidonie Matzner Gruenberg. "Cymbeline," the eighteenth volume in the New Variorum Shakespeare, is promised soon.

William Winter's "The Wallet of Time," which will be published early in September by Moffat, Yard & Co., will be in two volumes and will consist of personal, biographical, and critical reminiscences of the American theater from 1791 to 1912. The drama is reviewed from Sheridan and Goldsmith to Robertson and Boucicault, and onward to W. S. Gilbert, Jones, Daly, Pinero, Thomas, Sardou, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and d'Annunzio. The contrast between past and present in the American theater is illustrated. The practice and function of dramatic criticism are explained, and the attitude of the pulpit toward the stage is discussed. There is a multitude of personal reminiscences of such actors as Junius Brutus Booth, the elder Hackett, Gilbert, Warren, Brougham, Daly, Barrett, Sarah Bernhardt, Mary Anderson, Ada Rehan, C. Willard, E. H. Sothern, Maude Adams, Mrs. Fiske, Julia Marlowe, and Blanche Bates. The same house will publish an important series of books under the title of "Lives of the Players," by William Winter. The first volume will be devoted to Tyrone Power, and each volume will contain the life of some well-known player, with a careful study of his methods on the stage. "The New Morality," Edward Isaacson, is another new book to be published by this house. The English edition of the work has been published under the title of "The Malthusian Limit."

Advance proofs of the John Lane

Company's preliminary list of fall books mention the following volumes as being prepared for publication: "Robert Fulton, Engineer and Artist: His Life and Work," by H. W. Dickinson, A. M. I. M. E.; "A Queen of Shreds and Patches: The Life of Mme. Tallien (Notre Dame de Thermidor) From the Last Days of the French Revolution Until Her Death as Princess Chimay, in 1835," by L. Gastine, translated from the French by J. Lewis May; "Anthony Trollope: His Work, Associates and Originals," by T. H. S. Escott; "English Travelers of the Renaissance," by Clare Howard; "The History of English Patriotism," by Esme C. Wingfield, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; "Memoirs of the Court of England in 1675," by Marie Catherine d'Aulnoy, translated from the French by Mrs. William Henry Arthur; edited by George David Gilbert; "Phillip, Duke of Wharton," by Lewis Melville; "The English and French in the XVII. Century," by Charles Bastide; "The Greatest House in Chelsea," by Randall Davies; "The Pizzoni Pennington Letters," edited by Oswald G. Knapp, and "The Beautiful Lady Craven, Margravine of Anspach," by A. M. Broadley and Lewis Melville.

G. W. Dillingham & Co. have on their fall list "Swirling Waters," by Max Rittenberg, author of "The Mind Reader," "The Vision Splendid," by W. M. Raine; "Her Heart's Gift," by Oliver Kent, author of "Her Right Divine," "The Count of Luxembourg," novelized from the play of that name; "Broadway Jones," novelized from George M. Cohan's play by Edward Marshall, and "The Inner Man," translated from the French of Michel Corday and Andre Couvreur, by Florence Crewe Jones.

In "The Old Boston Post Road," Stephen Jenkins, author of "The Greatest Street in the World," has selected as his subject the oldest and most northerly of the post roads, over which the first post rider went, which "echoed to the war-whoops of the savage, saw the passage of the troops to and from the French wars, the flocking of the minute men after the Lexington alarm, over which Washington passed several times, and later became the roadway of many thousands of emigrants on their way to the valleys of the Genesee and the Mohawk."

Among the titles on the fall list of Doubleday, Page & Co. are "War and Waste," by David Starr Jordan, chancellor of Leland Stanford University; "The Vanishing Race," by Joseph K. Dixon; "A Naturalist in Western China," by E. H. Wilson; "Out of the Dark," by Helen Keller; "A Man's Miracle," by Gerard Harry; "Laddie: A True Blue Story," by Gene Stratton-Porter; "Gold" and "African Camp Fires," by Steward Edward White; "In Search of a Husband," by Cora Harris; "The Friendly Road," by David Grayson; "A Son of the Hills," by Harriet T. Comstock; "The Lovely Lady," by Mary Austin; "Refractory Husbands," by Mary Stewart Cutting; "The Mixing: What the Hillport Neighbors Did," by Bouck White; "The Spotted Panther," by James Francis Dwyer; "The Golden Barrier," by Agnes and Egerton Castle; "Jack Chanty," by Hubert Footner; "The Confessions of Arsene Lupin" and "The Man Between," by Walter Archer Frost.

"The Lady and the Pirate," by Emerson Hough, heads the list of fall books published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, followed by "The Thousandth Woman," by Ernest W. Hornung; "The Book of Evelyn," by Geraldine Bonner; "Aladdin from Broadway," by Frederic S. Isham; the complete works, in six volumes, of Kester Vaughan, author of "The Prodigal Judge," "The Kingdom of Why," by Stuart B. Stone; "The Fanny Cory Mother Goose," by Fanny Y. Cory; "One Day in Betty's Life," by Josephine Scribner Gates, music by Mary Turner Salter, and "My Kindergarten Days," by Anita de Campi, in addition to a long and attractive list of gift books.

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Stocks & Bonds

Although no particular features have developed, the local market continues to maintain a comparatively fair range of activity. In view of the fact that this is usually about the duller season of the year for trading in securities, the continuance of a fair volume of business locally in stocks may be regarded as reflecting in a degree the general improvement in money conditions which has taken place lately. The New York and European markets have shown a much better feeling the last two or three weeks. The bullish spirit is apparently becoming more pronounced every day and predictions of a further advance in stocks are regularly heard.

Of the high-priced local securities Union still continues practically the only feature. It has remained between \$59 and \$60, until the last day or so, when slight weakness was evident, the stock falling below \$59 for the first time in two or three weeks. The movements of Union are still confined within rather narrow limits, however. General Petroleum, which is an unlisted issue, has shown some activity, but has been decidedly weak.

Most of the leading "cheap" stocks have been strong. Midway Northern has scored quite an advance, on the favorable outlook for its future. Dividends may not be very far off, judging by present prospects. California Midway has levied an assessment of 2½ cents a share, as previously reported probable, but the stock has shown strength despite this, because of the more favorable character of developments at the company's property. National Pacific has been rather strong. Maricopa Northern shows a better feeling. Ten shares of Mexican Petroleum common sold at \$59.25 this week. The stock of the Doheny company is rarely traded in here, since it has been listed on the New York stock exchange.

There have been a few more transactions than usual in bank stocks. Ten shares of California Savings Bank went at \$170 and thirty Commercial National at \$200 and 10 at \$202, since last time of writing. Five shares of First National sold at \$650.

In the industrial list the only sale recorded was that of 100 shares of Los Angeles Investment stock at \$4.04. A few trades in Consolidated Mines and some of the unlisted mining issues have been recorded.

Monday afternoon the stock exchange was closed out of respect for Franklin P. Burch, a director, who passed away suddenly August 8. Burch was among the early settlers in this city, and became a member of the Exchange when that institution was in its infancy. He was one of the first to engage a wire service with the East for stock-trading purposes.

Banks and Banking

In the Aldrich-Vreeland act the provision for the issue of emergency circulation, either based on commercial paper (accepted at 75 per cent of cash value of securities) through the medium of national currency associations or by direct application to the comptroller of the currency based on security of bonds other than United States bonds is predicated upon the applying banks having the regular circulation already outstanding to the extent of 40

per cent of capital. At the present time the aggregate of national bank note circulation is in the neighborhood of 70 per cent of the total capital. In the aggregate, also, the national banks in most sections of the country have considerably more than 40 per cent of their capital in outstanding circulation. The provision under the order of the secretary of the treasury allowing for the deposit of more than \$25,000,000 of public funds in the banks will therefore only affect isolated cases of banks wishing to obtain these deposits, but having less than the stipulated quota of regular circulation. In larger cities, however, the aggregate outstanding national bank circulation is not much in excess of 40 per cent. In New York, for instance, the aggregate bank circulation is \$48,013,312, which is only 40.1 per cent of the \$119,700,000 of capital for the national banks. In Chicago the national bank circulation even falls below the 40 per cent quota. Out of a total capital of \$42,750,000 the national banks of Chicago have only \$14,451,000 of outstanding circulation, or 33.8 per cent. In St. Louis, on the other hand, the national banks have something like 80 per cent of their capital in circulation. Outside of special data in the possession of the treasury department there is no means of knowing, off hand, how many national banks in the country carry less than 40 per cent of their capital as circulation, and therefore that would be the extent of the demand for additional circulation or for United States bonds as security therefor in the event of such banks wishing to avail themselves of the new line of government deposits. In the circumstances the extent of the stimulation to be imparted thereby to the government bond market is entirely problematical.

It is worthy of note, remarks a Chicago contemporary, that the treasury department's relief plan for the agricultural west and south will not modify the banking policy, so pronounced all season, to hold credits under tight reins and to rehabilitate reserves. Country banks, which bought most of the commercial paper the last few months, timed the maturities well. They are paying off their loans and asking for renewals. They have made their prospective crop-moving needs known with unusual promptness and definiteness. Early and enormous marketing of new wheat by the southwest has given the money market a good start. How much the west will require of the east is conjectural always, but more so now than usual at this period because of peculiar conditions, including the McAdoo announcement.

Call issued by the comptroller of currency Tuesday for a statement of condition of the national banks brought forth the fact that though there has been a falling off in loans and discounts since the last call June 4, that the stability of our institutions is not to be questioned, as a healthy condition prevails.

Stock and Bond Briefs

At various times recently the bond market has shown signs of rising above the slump in which it has been floundering for the last few years, only to be crushed down again by the appearance of an unexpected large offering, so that dealers have become chary

STATEMENT OF CONDITION OF THE The First National Bank

Of Los Angeles, California.
At the Close of Business August 9, 1913.

RESOURCES	LIABILITIES
Loans and Discounts.....\$14,866,458.60	Capital Stock.....\$1,500,000.00
Bonds, Securities, etc. (Bonds only).....1,580,508.33	Surplus and Undivided Profits.....2,461,435.85
U. S. Bonds to Secure Circulation.....1,250,000.00	Circulation.....1,078,497.50
Premium on U. S. Bonds.....None	Reserve for Taxes, etc.....25,101.12
New Furniture and Fixtures.....160,219.51	Letters of Credit.....103,129.39
Customers' Liability Under Letters of Credit.....103,382.39	Notes and Bills Rediscounted.....547,500.00
Cash and Sight Exchange.....5,763,612.56	Deposits.....\$18,006,517.53
TOTAL.....\$23,724,181.39	TOTAL.....\$23,724,181.39

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION OF THE Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank

At the Close of Business August 9, 1913.
(Owned by the Stockholders of The First National Bank of Los Angeles)

RESOURCES	LIABILITIES
Loans and Discounts.....\$13,098,824.48	Capital.....\$1,500,000.00
Bonds, Securities, etc.....3,275,771.21	Surplus and Undivided Profits.....1,329,282.44
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures.....1,100,000.00	Deposits—Demand \$8,018,718.06
Cash and Sight Exchange.....3,286,852.54	Time.....11,913,447.73
TOTAL.....\$20,761,448.23	TOTAL.....\$20,761,448.23

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about admitting that improvement has set in, observes the New York Times. Nevertheless, some of them are willing to admit now that the outlook is much better since the cleaning up of a number of old offerings and several large short term issues. The eagerness of bankers to get a share in underwriting the forthcoming New Haven debentures, and the quick absorption of the Northwestern equipments indicate that there is plenty of investment money ready for offerings when the general business and political situation clears.

While it is a little too early to estimate earnings of the United States Steel Corporation for the third quarter of 1913, the steel trade believes they will be below the income in the second quarter. Estimates range between \$39,000,000 and \$40,000,000. If the net touches \$40,000,000, the increase over the corresponding quarter in 1912 will amount to, approximately, \$10,000,000. Earnings of \$40,000,000 would be the largest reported in any third quarter since the organization of the United States Steel Corporation with the ex-

ception of 1907, when they touched \$43,804,285. The smallest earnings reported in any third quarter were in 1904, when they were \$18,773,932. The third quarter starts out with prospects of smaller shipments than reported in the second quarter, and it is not believed there will be much change in average prices for goods delivered. If net earnings are \$40,000,000 in the third quarter, the total for the year will be in the neighborhood of \$150,000,000, or approximately \$11,000,000 below the banner year of 1907. Should earnings in 1913 reach the figure named they will be the largest in any year in the history of United States Steel, with two exceptions—viz., 1907, when they were approximately \$160,000,000, and 1906, when \$156,600,000 were reported.

Special election for voting \$90,000, \$75,000 for good roads and \$15,000 for fire protection will be held in Pomona Sept. 30.

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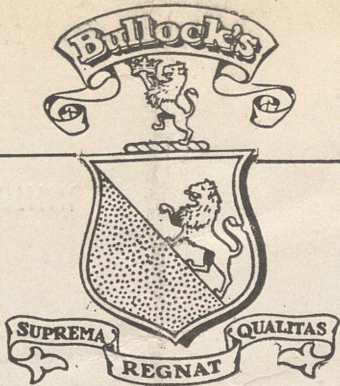
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